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THE

MESSIAH.

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THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
MESSIAH.

A 2

THE ARGUMENT.

GOD descends towards the earth, and is met by the wise men of the east, newly releas'd from their bodies, one of whom addressees the MOST HIGH. He is seen by the first inhabitant of a guiltless world, who relates to his happy offspring, what he has heard of the fall of man, and the coming of the MESSIAH. GOD rests on TABER. JESUS prays, when ADRAMELECH coming to insult him, is by a look put to flight. The MESSIAH comes to his disciples, whom he finds asleep. He then returns to pray. ABBADONA comes, and after mistaking JOHN for the MESSIAH, finds him, and gives vent to his thoughts. The MESSIAH again returns to his sleeping disciples, and a third time prostrates himself in prayer, when GOD sends ELOA to comfort him by singing a triumphant song on his future glory. All the angels, except ELOA and GABRIEL withdraw, and GOD himself returns to his celestial throne.



THE
MESSIAH.
BOOK V.

ARRAY'D in awful dignity, JEHOVAH, sat on his exalted throne, and near him stood ELOA, who, with humble reverence, and low prostration, said, May I presume, O ETERNAL ! to ask, Why sits terror on thy brow ? Why does anger sparkle in thine eyes ? What means this thunder, which rolls tremendous ? Thou lookest on the stars, and they hide their heads. Why—oh, why do I no longer hear the harmony of the spheres ? wherever thine eyes are turn'd the spheres are silent—silent are the cherubim and seraphim—Of all the numberless myriads of angelic spirits, none do I hear chanting thy praise—none in lofty

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strains hymning the great MESSIAH : but all, with reverential awe, veil their faces before thee. Wilt thou, O GOD ! arise, and call to judgment one of thy worlds ? or hast thou determin'd to destroy the kingdom of SATAN, and to chastise the blasphemers ? Wilt thou, O MOST RIGHTEOUS ! go forth to annihilate the sinner ! and to reduce to nothing the deep abyss of Hell his dominion ? Shall the name of him whom thou hast created no longer remain in the book of the living ? Shall he be utterly cut off from the number of the eternal spirits ? Then shall I see him lying prostrate, O thou adorable SOURCE OF JUSTICE ! — lying prostrate before thee, vanquish'd by thine anger, while the howlings of his despair shall pervade the regions of eternal night, and reach even the gates of Heaven. Then shall the stars in their courses proclaim, There lies the arch-apostate, reduc'd to destruction. If this be thy will, O thou SOVEREIGN JUDGE ! arm me with thy power, and permit me to march out against the blas-

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phemer. Let me be encompass'd with impenetrable gloom, give me a thousand thunders, and cloathe me in thy divine strength, that before thy face, I may crush at the very gate of death, the menacing chief of thine accursed foes. O JEHOVAH, how dreadful art thou in judgment! long had I existed when the earth was form'd; for my days are not the days of a mortal, who shoots up, spreads his leaves and flourishes, then withers, sinks, and dies: yet never have I seen thee thus array'd in terror! O thou OMNIPOTENT! forgive my having taken upon me to speak to thee. I am but a vapour. Be not offended against me, O my MAKER! view me not with that piercing look which thou now castest on the earth, lest thy finite seraph die. Then will my name no longer remain in the book of the eternal, nor shall I be remember'd in the sanctuary of my GOD.

ELOA, said the MOST HIGH, I will descend to the MESSIAH, who is about to fall a sacrifice to the cruelty of the peo-

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ple I have chosen. They have slighted his miracles ; they have despis'd his instructions ; they have disregarded my offer'd terms of mercy and salvation. Now he suffers, the just for the unjust. He, guiltless, suffers for sinners : he ever merciful will bleed for his very murderers, and even lay down his life, not for his friends ; but for his cruel, his merciless enemies.

Thus spake the ALMIGHTY, and arose from his eternal throne. Loud thunder now resounded through the high arch of Heaven. The holy mountains shook, and with them the altar of the divine MEDIATOR. The clouds of sacred darkness which encompass'd the sanctuary, three times flew back, and at the fourth, the lofty seat of judgment was seen to tremble. The MOST HIGH walk'd through the solar way that leads down to earth. At the end of the bright path illumin'd by suns, he was met by a seraph, who was conducting six righteous souls, who had lately left their bodies. These their

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immortal conductor now array'd in glory, adorning their new etherial forms with resplendent beams. They were the six wise men of the happy east, who, guided by a swift moving star, first brought their gifts, and paid their adorations to JESUS—to JESUS, the heavenly babe, encompass'd by ministring angels.

HADAD, for so the first was call'd, left his beloved consort, the fairest of the daughters of BETHURIM. At his decease she burst into no lamentations. This in a sacred hour of love she had vow'd to HADAD: certain of his and her immortality, she suppress'd her tears—she forgot to weep: Yet their mutual love exceeded that of mortals.

SELIMA, during a life of piety, and fervent devotion, had borne his misfortunes with resignation. He died, and enter'd on everlasting happiness.

ZIMRI taught the people: but they treated him with contempt, and persisted in their vices. Yet when dying, he pre-

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vail'd on one of them to lead a divine life, and then expir'd.

MIRJA brought up five sons, whom, by his example and instructions, he inspir'd with the love of Virtue. They enjoy'd her pure, her intellectual treasures : this was their riches : they neither had, nor needed other wealth : but looking forward to a more blissful state, they, with resignation, beheld their pious father die.

BELED's eyes smiling in death, were clos'd by his once mortal enemy, who wept over him. BELED had reveng'd himself by his magnanimity ; for he had generously given him half his kingdom. On which the hatred of enmity gave way to the soft sensations of friendship. He who had endeavour'd to dethrone BELED, now became charm'd with his virtues, and liv'd like him.

SUNITH us'd to sing in Parphar's grove to the youth of Bethlehem, and with him were his three holy daughters. Thee have the cedars—thee has Jedidoth's flow-

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ing stream bewail'd to its lonely banks !
Ah thee, have thy veil'd daughters, O
SUNITH ! lamented to their harps, with
virgin tears !

The seraph having adorn'd these souls
with radiant lustre, their piercing eye pe-
netrated the wide expanse, and they saw
a distant approaching glance of the divine
glory. Their senses now refin'd, and
fitted for everlasting joys, became more
strong, more exquisite. They rais'd them-
selves. The glory of the LORD pass'd
over them, and the seraph, with humble
adoration, cry'd aloud, Behold the great
JEHOVAH !—

SELIMA now fill'd with rapture, es-
say'd to speak, when his new voice,
flowing in soft melody and silver sounds,
fill'd him with pleasing surprise. O thou
whom I behold, said he ; by what name,
thou SOURCE of Being, of Light and Joy !
—by what worthy name shall I, transported,
call thee ?—thee whom my eyes now first
behold ! GOD ! JEHOVAH ! FATHER !
Or wouldst thou rather be nam'd the INEX-

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PRESSIBLE ? Or the FATHER of thy holy Son JESUS, who, at Bethlehem, assum'd the human form : whom we, with troops of rejoicing angels saw ? Hail eternal FATHER of the everlasting SON, to thee be rais'd incessant Hallelujahs. In thee exults the immortal soul, born of thine inspiring breath, and the heiress of eternal life. Thou most Bless'd ! most Incomprehensible ! among men have I heard thee nam'd Love ; yet how dreadful, how terrible dost thou now appear ! Oh comest thou forth to slay thine enemies ? Shall the abode of sinners be utterly destroy'd ? Wilt thou extirminate those that yet disown thy SON ? No, thou art merciful und gracious ! Thou wilt not be rigorous in judgment ! For them—even for them, the unthankful and the evil, hast thou sent the great MESSIAH ! Hail thou eternal FATHER of the everlasting SON ! Then SELIMA, with the other souls, worshipp'd in humble prostration.

At the other end of the luminous path, ELOA, with agil motion, leapt into his

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resplendent chariot, in which he had carry'd ELIJAH up to Heaven, when, O Dothan on thy cloud-envellopp'd mountains, he was seen by ELISHA. ELOA stood erect. He rush'd forward like an impetuous storm. Then resounded the golden axis. Then backward flew his hair and vesture, like shining clouds. With firm foot the immortal stood immovable. In his right hand he carry'd on high a storm; at each elevated thought thunders burst from the tempest. Thus he followed the mighty JEHOVAH through luminous paths, enlighten'd by suns. The ALMIGHTY now pass'd through the vast assemblage of stars, call'd the Milky Way: but among the immortals it is nam'd the Resting Place of the OMNIPOTENT: for when the first celestial sabbath saw the world completed, there the ETERNAL stopp'd to view his works.

The ALMIGHTY now approach'd a star, the dwelling of rational beings, men form'd like us, but free from vice, and exempt from death. Their first pro-

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genitor stood among his guiltless offspring in all the bloom, in all the vigour of manly youth, tho' a long series of ages had pass'd over his head. His eyes, which time had not dimm'd, beheld with pleasure his happy descendants; nor were they incapable of shedding the pleasing tear of joy. His quick ear was not clos'd to the voice of the MOST HIGH; to the instructions of the seraph; nor to the language of his numerous offspring, from whom he with pleasure heard the endearing appellation of father. At his right side stood the mother of men, her children, beautiful as when the CREATOR first led her, immortal fair! to the embraces of her spouse; even age had added to her charms, and she now appear'd more lovely than her blooming daughters. At his left hand was his first-born, his worthy son, the image of his father, array'd in heavenly innocence. Around them stood their descendants of different generations, and scatter'd about them; on the smiling turf, reclin'd their youngest offspring, whose

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waving locks falling in curls, were crown'd with flowers, beautiful as those that, on this earth, once enamell'd the plains of Paradise. With pleasure they gaz'd on their primeval parents, while their young hearts panted to imitate their virtues. The fathers and mothers had brought the lovely infants born the preceding year, to receive the first dear embrace, and pious benediction of their original ancestors. When the happy father of this blessed race of immortal beings, lifting up his eyes towards Heaven, to invoke the divine benediction, beheld the face of God. The smile of benignity and paternal love now gave place to a look of solemn and reverential awe, mingled with gratitude ; then bowing in humble worship, he cry'd :

Behold, O my children, the Great ETERNAL ! from whom both you and I receiv'd our life. 'Tis he who has cloath'd those vales with beauteous flowers ; those blooming groves with fragrant blossoms and blushing fruit, together hanging on each bending bough ; and has crown'd the

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summit of these mountains with golden clouds; yet neither to the flowery vale, the blooming grove, or to the aspiring mountain, has he given immortal souls. These were his gifts to you, my children! Neither to hill, nor grove, nor vale, has he given your lovely features, nor the human form, so convenient, so august: nor the face significant, expressive of the soul's deepest thoughts: no look of rapturous joy sublime, with grateful eye rais'd up to Heaven: no voice to transmit the great sensations of the glowing heart to fellow minds; or to join the lofty strains of the adoring angels! To me he appear'd in the waving groves of Paradise, then a small, but delightful garden, tho' it has now spread over this spacious country. There, with benignant grace, he first appear'd to me, when from earth he had form'd me man, and blessing me, led your mother to my embraces. Speak, ye cedars, rustling speak! — speak, for under your branches I saw him walk! Stay, thou rapid stream! stay, for there

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I saw him pass thy waves ! Thou, the soft breath of gentle gales, whisper, as when, with smiling grace, he descended from these towering hills. Stand still before him, O earth, and suspend thy course ! as once thou stoodst still, when he pass'd over thee ; when round his face sublime the moving heavens flow'd ! when his right hand pois'd the glowing suns, and in his left he held the revolving planets !

May I presume, O ETERNAL ! again enraptur'd to look on thee ? O FATHER ! disperse the tremendous gloom with which thou art encompass'd. Remove from thine eyes that awful displeasure, which sure none but an immortal can behold and live ! By whom, O my GOD ! art thou offended ?—can it be by those thou lovest ?—Perhaps 'tis by the miserable race of spirits who fell, and ventur'd (a thought I can scarce conceive !) to provoke the ALL-GRACIOUS, the OMNIPOTENT.—

Hear me, O my children, and attend to my words.—Long have I been silent, lest I should give inquietude to your ten-

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der, your happy minds, and melancholy should disturb your sacred rest. Far from us, on one of the worlds enlighten'd by another sun, are men whose form resembles ours: but having forfeited their native innocence, are no longer immortal. You justly wonder, and well you may, that he who was created for an eternal duration, and was one of the most admirable of the works of the great OMNIPOTENT, should basely forfeit his immortality. But it is not the everlasting spirit—the never-dying soul that is become mortal: it is the body, which returns to the earth, of which it was made. This they call dying. The immortal soul having lost its beauty, its innocence, is conducted to the righteous judgment seat of God, there to receive a sentence according to the works done in the body.—Ye awful, ye dreadful thoughts fly far from me! I stand aghast at the dread idea! On that tremendous tribunal, God alone, the Creator and Judge, can think. With what overwhelming terror does the mere

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idea of death fill an immortal ! It is preceded by something dreadful, which those unhappy creatures call pain. The dying can scarce with trembling tongue, utter a mournful farewell !—With difficulty he respires !—A cold sweat rises on his alter'd face !—Faint and slow beats his heart !—His eye-strings break !—His eyes become fix'd, and no longer see !—From them the face of the earth and heavens are vanish'd, and lost in the abyfs of night !—He no longer hears the voice of man, nor the tender expressions of love and friendship !—He himself cannot speak ! His heart has ceas'd to beat ! he is dead ! The form once the most lovely becomes loathsome !—It is bury'd in the earth, and conceal'd from human sight ! Thus the daughter expires in the arms of her fond mother, who wishes to accompany her in death. The father presses to his heart his only son, who expires in blooming youth. Lamenting children see their parents die, the comfort, the stay of their years. On the breast of the enamour'd

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bridegroom, immers'd in misery, reclines his beloved bride, and breathes her last. What now remains of heavenly love, and of the soft and noble sentiments it inspires, is but a faint shadow of the pure love, felt by their progenitors the first, the happy pair, while, like us, in the state of innocence. In a little time—ah! in a very little time, they die. God shews them no pity, he relents not at the parting sigh of the pious spouse, at the fervour of her supplications, and her earnest entreaties for one hour more: nor at the despair of the trembling youth embracing her in speechless sorrow: nor at the afflicted virtue, to which love, and its tender sensibilities, sometimes raise the mortal pair.

Here he ceas'd, interrupted by the lamentations of his affrighted children. Fathers press'd their sons, and mothers, their terrify'd daughters, to their trembling breasts. Boys grasp'd the knees of the stooping fathers, and kiss'd from the parent's eye the manly tear. Hand in

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hand sat brothers and sisters, with their timorous looks fix'd on each other ; and on the bosoms of the belov'd fair sunk, trembling, the immortal youth ; who felt life beat with a higher pulse, while reclin'd on the bosoms of the celestial maids. But now the father of that spotless race, recalling his fortitude, thus resum'd, while his fair consort fondly lean'd on his shoulder.

Oh may it not be these whom God in his wrath, is now visiting ! Alas ! they have, perhaps, too much offended their gracious CREATOR ; and having fill'd up the measure of their iniquities, he is going to exterminate them. Ah ! ye kindred race, originally design'd, like us, for immortality, had you but known our affectionate love ;—had you but foreseen our sorrow for you ; never, surely, would you, by your crimes, have drawn down the vengeance of your and our ALMIGHTY FRIEND ! O kindred race ! should the earth be your grave, and God at once destroy all its rational inhabitants ; we will pity those whom God has slain—but we shall despise

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ye too—our pity will be mingled with contempt :—How could ye, ungrateful, offend such unbounded goodness ?—Yet to this race, O ALMIGHTY FATHER ! thou hast sent thy beloved SON, the glorious MESSIAH ! All the seraphs, in their visits to us, with the applauding angels, have proclaim'd, that he shall be their redeemer—that one day he will raise the dead to life, and that we ourselves shall see them. Behold, the MOST HIGH turns his face from us, and now descends to the earth. How wonderful, O GOD, art thou in thy judgments ! How inscrutable are the wise designs of thy providence ! Thou art eternally the same, ever perfect, ever unchangeable ! Let us sing praises to thee, our CREATOR ! And let thy blessings be pour'd on these mine offspring ! With faces veil'd the cherubim and seraphim worship before thine exalted throne ! Thee immortal men adore from this sacred earth !—thee mortal men, whom thou slayest, adore in the dust ! Thus he utter'd the effusions of his soul, while

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his fix'd eyes follow'd the divine effulgence.

The ALMIGHTY now drew near to the earth. From a towering assemblage of clouds, ELOA saw the great MESSIAH, and there, wrapt in obscurity, in gentle accents thus spake. O thou gracious REDEEMER! how greatly is thy labouring mind distress'd, while thus imploring and procuring mercy for sinful man! What finite intellect can comprehend this mystery!—can comprehend the depths of sovereign wisdom, and of grace divine.—But let me be silent, and, wrapt in wonder, adore! Hail race of man, soon will ye be bless'd like me! Thus spake ELOA, and then, stretching out his arms towards the earth, in silence pour'd forth his benedictions.

GOD now descended on mount Tabor, and, shrouded in a solemn midnight gloom, view'd this whole terraqueous globe, with idolatrous altars and finners cover'd. Over its extensive plains was spread the empire of Death, witnessing against man. Now

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all the Sins, from the creation to the final day of retribution—the Sins of the idolaters, those of JEHOVAH's servants: the Sins of christians, still more horrid, rose in the clouds, and advanc'd towards the sovereign JUDGE: before him they arose, in hideous forms, unshrouded from night. They arose from the abyss in which they were bury'd by the guilty heart, that, ungrateful, rebell'd against the all-gracious CREATOR. The hideous host was led by the Crimes of those capacious souls, who beheld thee, O sacred Virtue! in all thy celestial beauty, yet obey'd not thy pleasing dictates; but self-convicted, with black impiety, and redoubled guilt, oppos'd the generous feelings of humanity and heavenly grace, struggling in their breasts, and witnessing between themselves and God. Towering in gigantic height, they appear'd before him who directs the thunder, and guides the forked lightning: for inexorable conscience, with irresistible voice, summon'd them to approach. An universal accusation now ascended to Heaven. On

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the fluttering wings of the wind were borne the soft sighs of suffering virtue. Loud as the roar of waves rushing impetuous, resounded the groans and lamentations of the dying from the bloody field of slaughter, witnessing against the ambitious potentates of the earth, and the voice of thunder was given to the blood of the martyrs, crying, O thou who in thine awful hand holdest the balance of judgment! behold the innocent blood that has been shed!—shed for thy sake, O thou most holy, just and true! The ALMIGHTY then revolving in his infinite mind, the virtues of the various orders of intelligent beings who had continu'd faithful, and the actions of the guilty race of man, his anger was kindled. He rested on Tabor's lofty summit. The earth then shook to its centre, and he withheld it, lest its dust should be scatter'd through the immensity of space. Then turning towards ELOA, the seraph, who at once knew the intimations of the divine countenance, ascended into the air.

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As from the ark of the covenant rose the sky-supported cloud, the miraculous guide of the people of Israel, and visible type of Bethlehem's Son, when led by MOSES, they from desert to desert mov'd their tents; thus silent on a midnight cloud stood the seraph, with his eyes fix'd on the Mount of Olives. Him the blessed SAVIOUR then beheld, and instantly hastened to Gethsemane, to pour out his soul in fervent prayer for man. Fill'd with inward distress he went, follow'd by three of his disciples. These he at length left behind, and withdrew alone to a silent solitary spot, where, unobserv'd by man, he might give vent to the great, the painful sensations that swell'd his heart.

Thou hast led me, O harmonious muse of Sion! to the sanctuary; but the Holy of Hollies I have not seen. Oh had I the soft melodious voice with which the exalted seraph sings: did the terrific trump, which shook the solid base of Sion's mount, resound from my lips: did thunders speak from my right hand the thoughts

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which the celestial harps cannot resound !
Yet, O thou MESSIAH ! should I fail in
singing thy passion, the mighty conflicts
of thy great, thy generous, thy tender
soul !

Thou, O MOSES ! once didst boldly
pray to see the great JEHOVAH face to
face ; but wast conceal'd in the sheltring
rock, while the glory of GOD pass'd by ;
yet from afar didst behold the resplendent
beauty of the ETERNAL : I am more frail
than thee ; yet may the SPIRIT OF
TRUTH overshadow me with his downy
wings, and help my feeble sight, that I
may see the blessed JESUS struggling in
the agonies of his dreadful passion !

Prostrate in the dust of the earth, which
trembled with silent terror, lay the graci-
ous MESSIAH, with his guileless eyes and
hands lift up towards Tabor. Seen by
no mortal eye, his looks were fix'd on
his FATHER's face, while his labouring
heart swell'd with perturbations terrible :
distressful thoughts, fill'd with horror,
press'd in swift succession on his soul, and

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his whole frame shook with unutterable agony. His terrors still encreas'd: the anguish of his heavenly mind became more intense; and instead of sweat, the starting blood trickled from the face of the adorable, the gracious Sufferer. Then raising his head from the ground, his streaming tears, mix'd with the purple drops, while lifting up his hands and eyes, he thus address'd the SOVEREIGN JUDGE:

O my FATHER! when this world was form'd, soon dy'd the first of men—soon was each hour mark'd with dying sinners! Already have ages pass'd blasted by thy curse. Now is arriv'd the awful time, when by my death I shall purchase immortality for man. When the earth was scarcely form'd, ere the mouldering corse return'd to dust, I chose this hour of suffering, and ardent cry'd, Lo, I come to do thy will, O my GOD! Now—now is arriv'd the awful time! Hail ye who sleep in GOD, ye shall awake!—I who form'd the earth was born to die!—to die on its surface!—to die that man

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might live ! But how heavily the lot of mortality hangs upon me ! O thou who holdest the sword of justice ! let the hours of anguish pass with rapid flight ! To thee, O FATHER ! every thing is possible—let therefore this bitter cup pass from me !—Cease—oh cease to pour on me the terrors of death !—Yet not my will ; but thine be done. My uplifted eyes watch at midnight, and can no longer weep : my trembling arms are stretch'd towards thee for help : but alas ! I do not find it—Faint with weeping, I sink to the ground—To my grave !—But I resign myself to thy will—thy will, O FATHER ! be done.

Having thus spoke, he lay prostrate on his face in solemn silence, then raising himself up on his trembling arms, look'd forward into the gloom. Here pass'd before him terrifying images of eternal death. He beheld reprobate souls curse the day of their creation. He heard the dismal howls of the deep resounding abyfs : the wing'd voice of anguish, like falling cataracts,

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bellowing loud. Gentle streams which delusive call'd to soft repose and balmy sleep; but calling in vain, augmented the lamentations of the deceiv'd. Then the voices of mankind sunk in one boundless sigh of deep-rooted despair. JESUS sympathiz'd in their distress, and, fill'd with unutterable compassion, felt their misery.

ADramelech from a lonely rock had long view'd the MESSIAH; but now descending, he was seen on the earth. Before him he beheld with triumph and exultation a suicide reeking in his own blood: the accents of whose despair, and the bitter sighs of returning humanity and remorse, echo'd through all the neighbouring hills. The apostate spirit then drawing near, resolv'd to mock the great MESSIAH. With disdainful pride in his haughty eye, and lost in an ocean of impious thoughts he stood, resolving to give to his infernal ideas a voice like that of the black bursting cloud: but JESUS turning, and casting on him that majestic look of awful dignity with which he shall

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judge the world, the rancorous spirit felt the powerful glance, and trembling sunk abas'd. Bewilder'd amidst the whirl of impetuous crowding thoughts, he stood without thought. All around him was a void: no longer did he see the heavens and the earth; no longer the MESSIAH: himself alone he beheld. At length with difficulty collecting his weaken'd strength, he fled.

The MEDIATOR now leaving the gloomy solitude, walk'd towards his disciples, that after such suffering, such lonely anguish, he might enjoy the human solace of seeing the face of man. Silent he drew near, and found them asleep.

The surrounding heavens now rejoic'd, and solemniz'd the second sabbath since the creation; one still more sacred than the first. At length, the final, the decisive day of judgment being pass'd, the third will arise with unutterable glory, and extend throughout eternity. At its celebration the MESSIAH himself will preside. The host of Heaven now cele-

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brated the most sacred hours. All knew that the great high-priest was accomplishing the redemption: for thus GOD had said:

When the polar thunders shall roll around you, and with them the harmony of the spheres, chang'd to the ocean's roar, shall join the dreadful concert: when ranks of wandering stars, thousands of solar miles above, and thousands beneath, shall tremble thro' infinite space: when upon you come the terrors of the LORD, and from your heads suddenly fall your golden crowns; then has the MESSIAH begun his severest sufferings.

Now sang the heavenly host, Past is the first hour of the exalted sufferings of the great MESSIAH, the REDEEMER of Man! Past is the hour which to the good brings eternal rest.

Meanwhile the MESSIAH stood looking on his disciples, whom he saw fast in the arms of sleep. Still glow'd the face of the exalted JAMES. Thus grave and serene sleeps the happy Christian before his

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death. On the affectionate JOHN reclin'd PETER ; but he was not like JOHN, fill'd with smiling tranquility. Over the belov'd disciple, SALIM, one of his guardian angels, still hover'd. JESUS now said, SIMON PETER, thou sleep'st ! what, couldst thou not watch with me one hour ? Ah soon will quiet slumbers cease to close those weeping eyes ! Watch and pray lest the tempter surprise thee. Thou, indeed art willing ; but thine heavenly spirit is press'd down by thine earthly frame. JESUS then return'd, and again fell on his face, and pray'd.

Now veil'd in the sable mantle of night, ABBADONA came, and thus to himself complain'd : Ah ! where shall I at last find the gracious SAVIOUR, the REDEEMER ? Alas ! unworthy am I to see this best of men. Yet SATAN has seen him !—O thou divine PROPHET ! where—oh where shall I seek thee !—where shall I find thee ? Through every desert have I rovd. Every river have I trac'd from its source. In the solitude of

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every sequester'd grove, my trembling
feet have wander'd. To the cedar have I
said, Oh tell me—in rustling whispers tell
me, dost thou conceal him? To the
hanging mountains I cry'd, Bow down
your solitary tops at my tears, that I may
see the divine JESUS, who, perhaps,
sleeps on your summits! Him, thought
I, the CREATOR may have led under the
shady covert of a purple evening cloud:
or Wisdom and Meditation, which de-
light in solitude, may have invited him to
withdraw to some cave of the rocks. But
he is not not in the Heavens! he is not in
the bosom of the earth! I am unworthy
to see thy face—ah unworthy am I, O
JESUS! to behold thy benignant smiles!
Thou only art the SAVIOUR of men!—
Me thou wilt not save!—Thou hear'st
not the plaintive voice of an immortal!—
Alas! thou art only the SAVIOUR of
men!

He then saw before him the sleeping
disciples. Near him lay JOHN, smiling
in his placid slumbers. He saw him,

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and struck with fear, trembling, drew back. Long he paus'd: but at length cry'd, If thou art he whom I seek—If thou art the godlike man who came to redeem mankind from sin and misery, with tears—with incessant tears—with everlasting sighs will I hail thee, thou lovely youth! Thy countenance has the lineaments of celestial purity, and the traces of a tender and generous soul. Yes, thou art he!—Thee have I sought—sweet tranquility, the rich reward of virtue, hovers round thee! But I tremble at seeing thy soft repose. Turn—oh turn thy face from me; or I must look aside, and weep.

While ABBADONA was thus speaking, PETER awaking, call'd out, Ah JOHN! I have seen the MASTER in a dream, at me he look'd with a displeasure, mingled with pity and gentle mercy

This the fallen seraph heard, and stood amaz'd. Now surrounded with the silence of the night, he distinguish'd a mournful voice. Then inclining his attentive ear to

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the place whence it came, he lower bow'd, and more distinctly heard the soft and doleful accents. Fearful and astonish'd he stood, while from his heart flow'd these plaintive thoughts.

Shall I proceed, and view the man who there in sounds of anguish and distress, struggles with death, and the thoughts of judgment? Shall I see the blood of the murder'd, who, perhaps, quietly returning home, through the shades of night, quicken'd his steps, to embrace his affectionate wife, and to caress with paternal pleasure his lisping children, hanging about the neck of their mother, when some lurking foe, some barbarian in the dark, bent on murder, gave him a mortal wound! Perhaps his life was crown'd with virtue, and his deportment adorn'd by wisdom! Ah shall I see him? Shall I see his dying pangs? — his florid cheeks change to deadly paleness? Shall I hear his last groans—his expiring sigh? Ah blood murderously shed! terrific blood of innocence!—thou bearest witness against me at

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that judgment seat where compassion finds no place !—where the soft voice of mercy is not heard ! I was concern'd in seducing the human race—in rendering them subject to death !—The blood !—the innocent blood here shed ; and that which through successive ages will flow, is spilt by me. Ah ! I hear its thundering voice, the horrible voice, with which it calls to God for vengeance—for vengeance everlasting on my guilty head ! Yet I must look into the receptacles of your remains !—I must gaze on your bones, ye children of ADAM ! My conscience, like a furious warrior, rises in arms against me !—My wandering looks rove around, and are powerfully led to scenes of death—to the putrefaction of the dreary sepulchre ! Thou silence of death, how I tremble before thee ! Yet he whom I have irritated, comes not in silence—comes not in the peaceful night ! Thunders and clouds go before him ! At his step a storm arises ! The word of his mouth is death !—is judgment without mercy !

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Such were his thoughts while he advanc'd with slow and dilatory step towards the mournful voice. Now he beheld the gracious SAVIOUR, who, with his face to the earth, still lay in humble prostration, praying with uplifted hands. ABBADONA stepp'd back, and, fill'd with fear, was silently creeping round him, when GABRIEL advancing from the thick concealing shade of tufted trees, ABBADONA saw him, and trembling, retir'd. The inhabitant of Heaven now drew near, and bowing his ear over the SAVIOUR, with-held in his wondering eye the starting tear. Absorb'd in thought he stood, listening with reverential awe to the MESSIAH, with an ear which, at the distance of a thousand times a thousand miles, hears the step of the ETERNAL, and the songs of the enraptur'd spirits that surround the throne. He now distinguish'd the soft trilling sound of the slow flowing blood of the trembling MEDIATOR, as it ran from vein to vein. Much louder did he hear in his divine heart the

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inexpressible, the heavenly sighs which swelling with mercy, and with love to man, were more delightful to the FATHER'S ear, than the song of all the heavenly host. The seraph thus discover'd the SAVIOUR'S passion, and folding his hands, with his eyes lift up to Heaven, rose into the clouds.

ABBADONA seeing GABRIEL, and a multitude of the heavenly host, with their eyes beaming compassion, in expressive silence, looking down on the MESSIAH, remain'd aghast, and trembling, cast on him a look of mingled fear and surprise. The SAVIOUR now from the ensanguin'd dust slowly rais'd his face, at which redoubled terror encompass'd the fallen seraph: yet he again recover'd: again gave vent to the new ideas which fill'd his mind. Sometimes he suppress'd his timorous thoughts, and sometimes disturb'd the silence of the night by his sighs and lamentations.

O thou who here strugglest with death!
cry'd he; by what name shall I call

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thee? One form'd of the dust, a son of earth, a sinner ripe for judgment, shudders at the last day, and at the opening tomb.—One form'd of the dust!—Yes, thou art—but methinks a divine lustre adorns thy human form! Thine eye, from which shines innocence, and truth, and love to God and man, bespeaks thee superior to the grave and to corruption! Thy face is not that of a sinner!—nor thus looks the wretch rejected of the MOST HIGH! Surely thou art more than man! Methinks I here perceive a mystery deeper than my thoughts can fathom! A bright labyrinth all divine!—Ah! I still discover more!—But, who is he?—O fallen spirit! turn—turn thine eyes away from him.—A sudden thought has darted into my astonish'd mind—A great, a dreadful idea! Alas! an awful resemblance do I perceive—Fly, fly, ye dread surmises!—Stream not around me, ye terrors of eternal death—Ah! I perceive a conceal'd resemblance of the great MESSIAH, who descending in his flaming cha-

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riot, rush'd upon us, arm'd with ten thousand thunders, and hurling destruction, drove us before him, vanquish'd and dismay'd. Then immortality became a curse; life-eternal, death. Alas! we had before fled from innocence — from every celestial joy, the lot of the righteous! — JEHOVAH himself had ceas'd to be our father! Once, while hurl'd head-long through the deep abyfs, I turn'd my face, and saw him behind me coming — saw the dreadful SON of GOD! — lightning flash'd from his eyes! — High he stood — his chariot then the sable seat of judgment — Under him was darkness and death — Him had the FATHER cloath'd with omnipotence! — him, the radiant image of his mercy, had he arm'd with destruction! At his thunders, and the force of his avenging arm, Nature shudder'd, and all the depths of creation trembled! No more did I see him — My eye was lost in the palpable gloom! Thus confounded, I was carry'd away through storms and thunder — thro' the howlings of affrighted Nature, despair-

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ing, though immortal!—I see him still!—
still I see him!—his face had something
that resembled that of this man here bow'd
in the dust—this more than man!

Here he paus'd, and continu'd for some
time as if lost in thought; then in a
low voice cry'd, Ah! is he—is he the
SON of the ETERNAL?—the MESSIAH?
—the dreadful VICTOR?—But he suf-
fers!—he is struggling with death!—
boundless is the anguish that shakes his di-
vine soul!—he laments in the dust!—his
swelling veins, press'd by the anguish of
his benevolent mind, bedew his face with
blood!—To me no misery is sure un-
known, yet I know not how to name his
anguish. Remote in distant gloom I see
new thoughts big with wonders approach,
in mazy labyrinths involv'd. The SON of
the great JEHOVAH, the brightness of his
FATHER's glory, descends from Heaven;
assumes the human form; preaches repen-
tance; suffers for man, and, to give life
and immortality to his mortal brethren,
dies!—This SATAN himself confirms by

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what he relates of him, and his discourses. Besides, with what awful reverence the angels approach ! Even Nature seems to observe a reverential silence, as if her CREATOR was present. Oh, if thou art the dread MESSIAH, the only begotten of the FATHER, I ought to fly, lest seeing me trembling at thy feet, thy wrath be kindled, and thou instantly sit in judgment against me !—But thou look'st not on me !—Yet to thee my thoughts are not unknown.—May I venture to indulge the ideas which now first begin to arise in my mind ?—Of men art thou the SAVIOUR ! and not of the more exalted angels ! O gracious MESSIAH ! hadst thou condescended to become a seraph ; hadst thou deign'd to enlighten us by thine instructions ; hadst thou for us lain extended in the celestial plains, as here on earth, and with supplicating heart, and hands and eyes lift up to the throne of the MAJESTY ON HIGH, how would I then, O thou divine ;—how would I then have embrac'd thee ! With what joyful transports

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should I have hail'd my SAVIOUR and my LORD ! What rapturous hosannahs should I sing ! With what extasy should I join the harmony of the harp to my exulting strains !—Ye children of ADAM, the the favourites of the MOST HIGH, may the curse of everlasting fire fall on the heads of those who, ungrateful, spurn at his offer'd grace, and on each heart insensible to the boundless love of your REDEEMER ! Ye tribes of the redeem'd, that shall hereafter resort to him, should you profane the sacred blood which drops from that face, may this blood rise up against you, and ye be esteem'd his cruel murderers !—To you I call, ye apostates from grace—to you who, after having tasted of the heavenly gift, shall draw back to perdition !—when the dreadful gulph of eternity shall first lie before you, and ye are fill'd with the tremendous thought, that you, like us, are cast out from GOD, the First and the Best of Beings !—then will I, looking through gloomy tracts of misery and night, on the

new distresses of your immortal souls, cry,
Hail torment everlasting! Hail misery
without end! This ye have chosen for
a shadow! for this ye have resign'd
everlasting felicity! let this then be
your portion, and your reward! In-
deed, the view of the rapturous transports
of the glorify'd spirits, who, with wise
circumspection through a life of virtue,
enter'd into eternity, would frighten me
from Heaven, and I should fly from their
transcendent glory—But looking through
dreary tracks of misery and blackest night,
on the newly open'd wounds of your im-
mortal souls, ye sinners, again will I cry,
Hail, misery everlasting! Hail, torment
without end!—Then will I tear myself
from the iron arms of Hell, and ascending
to the throne of the exalted SAVIOUR,
with a voice that shall pervade both Heaven
and Earth, will I cry, Oh! why dost
thou, Most Gracious, redeem only the
repentant sinners of the human race, and
not the angels? 'Tis true, Hell hates thee
—but I, forsaker.—I, who feel more noble

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sentiments, do not hate thee.—Too long—alas ! too long, have I, weary of my existence, and of a dreadful immortality, pour'd forth lamentations, and tears of blood ! ABBADONA having thus given a loose to his disturb'd thoughts, ascended into the air and disappear'd.

The MESSIAH now, a second time, arose from the dust, again to behold the face of man ; and again the heavenly host rejoic'd and sang, Past is the second hour of the exalted sufferings of the great MESSIAH, the REDEEMER of Man ! Past is the hour which to the good brings eternal rest !

But soon the blessed SAVIOUR left his slumbering disciples, and went a third time to prostrate himself before the SOVEREIGN JUDGE. Around him the sable curtain of night was spread over the heavens, and he was encompass'd by the deepest gloom. Thus the last night before the day of awful retribution, will be cloath'd in the blackest veil of darkness, hastily bringing on the coming morn. The

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loud thunder, and the sounding trump, will then soon be heard, soon the joining bones, and the buzzing field, teeming with resurrection. Then from his exalted throne, JESUS, once a mortal, shall call the world to judgment.

The FATHER, now looking down from Tabor, saw the agonies of the MESSIAH. Below, at the foot of the mountain, stood ELOA, silent; his head was envelop'd in clouds, and his pensive looks were directed to the earth. The MOST HIGH now call'd ELOA, when the seraph instantly arose in silence through the gloom, and stood before GOD. Then to ELOA, the ETERNAL said, Thou hast seen the sufferings of the MESSIAH; go sing to him a triumphant song, of all the hosts of the saints, that from his sufferings and death shall be sanctify'd, and rais'd to immortal life. Heaven shall resound with hallelujahs, when he shall be made their King, and plac'd at my right hand.

Trembling, with lowest reverence, the seraph answer'd. But when face to face

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I behold the great MESSIAH, disfigur'd by his bloody sweat : when I see the benignant smile that adorn'd his countenance, lost in the melancholy traces of his inward anguish ; and in his pleasing features distorted by grief, can but obscurely discern his greatness, shall not I be struck speechless ? Will not the strong emotions I shall then feel, prevent the harmony of my celestial song ? Shall I not be encompass'd by all the SAVIOUR's terrors, and even by the image of death ? O almighty FATHER ! may I presume to beg that thou wouldst not send me. Alas ! much too mean am I to sing triumphant hymns to the MESSIAH, thy suffering SON.

With mild grace, GOD reply'd, Who rais'd thy flaming courage high above the Heavens ? From whom hadst thou thy triumphant song, when my thunders, cast from the hand of the MESSIAH, pursu'd the chief of the rebel host, and thou thyself didst ride on the wings of the tempest ? Who strengthen'd thine heart, and enabled thee to see the death of the first man, and

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in him the death of all the children of ADAM? Haste, I myself will lead thee, and shouldst thou, at the near view of his sufferings, tremble, he will teach thee to mingle with thy tremulous accents, the pleasing sounds of triumph.

Thus spake the ALMIGHTY. The seraph went forth, Jordan roar'd, and thunder issu'd from Tabor. Slowly he descended from the mount of Olives, when dreadful gusts of midnight winds wafted to him the suppliant sounds utter'd by the great MESSIAH, and a silent tremor seiz'd the astonish'd seraph. But when advancing nearer, he observ'd his distressful countenance, that shew'd his bitter anguish, he stood fix'd to the earth, depriv'd of all his native beauty and heavenly splendor; and seeming no longer an high immortal seraph, he resembled an inhabitant of the earth. Now the SAVIOUR cast on him a look of dignity, mingled with a gracious smile, and with the glance, the seraph's immortal beauty and celestial radiance return'd, when, ri-

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sing in a cloud, skirted with gold, he thus triumphant sung:

Thou, Son of the MOST HIGH, how transporting are the thoughts inspired by a glance from thee! How happy am I in being found worthy to know thy sensations! from afar to perceive the thoughts of the divine MEDIATOR, in the trying hour of humiliation! Over thee hangs a veil of the deepest mysteries impenetrable to the host of Heaven. No end do I see of the great ideas, big with mercy and with grace. I, a momentary thought of the Omniscient GOD, a particle in the expanse of creation, like a sun that rises to enlighten a floating mass of earth, call'd a world, am found worthy to look beyond the measur'd circle of finitude! Blessed am I! blessed be the time of my creation! Blessed am I, in being immortal! Ye devout, ye sacred tremblings, with which I am now fill'd, continue to transport me beyond the limits of my finite ideas; bear me from this darkness to the

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glory of GOD ! I hail the FATHER and the SON ! Now do I experience what the children of the resurrection shall feel ! As from deep amazement the MEDIATOR has awaken'd me, so ye blessed children of ADAM ! shall he awaken you ! This joyful tremor, this rapturous exultation ye also shall feel, when ye, transported, rise to eternal life ! Then thou, O holy SAVIOUR of men, who here liest prostrate in the dust, shall sit on thy throne !—and, O tremendous day ! sit in judgment on the world ! With what effusions of joy will thy faithful servants behold thee on thy judgment seat ! With eyes sparkling with rapture, they will view the radiant marks of thy wounds, the memorials of thy love, imprinted by thy dying on the cross. Thee, O JESUS ! shall they celebrate with ceaseless hallelujahs, while before thee, the trumpet of the angel of death, and the thunder that surrounds the throne, shall be silent. Then shall the depths bow down, and the high places lift up their hands to the JUDGE,

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while the last of days shall resign its declining light at the foot of the eternal throne. Then shall thou gather the righteous about thee. They shall stand in thy presence, that they may behold thee as thou art. They shall transported feel that they are immortal, and shall triumph in the glorious thought, that because thou livest, they also shall live, while they shall forever possess thy love, and forever share thy glory!

Thus sang ELOA, while the divine REDEEMER bless'd the adoring seraph, with a look of grace and benignity: then bow'd towards Heaven in tearful silence. Thus the expiring lamb, without blemish, and without spot, wept, while he lay bleeding on the sacred altar. The seraphs, who with downcast look had view'd the REDEEMER, unable longer to bear the sight of his anguish, withdrew. GABRIEL kept his station, but veil'd his face. ELOA also remain'd; but wrapt his head in a midnight cloud.

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The earth stood still. Thrice it shook,
as if preparing for its dissolution, and
thrice it was restrain'd by the Great JE-
HOVAH. The SAVIOUR now rising from
the ground, the host of Heaven again
sang in jubilant strains, Past is the third
hour of his exalted sufferings: past is the
hour which to the repentant sinner brings
everlasting rest. Thus sang the heavenly
host, while GOD, turning his face, as-
cended to his eternal throne.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE MESSAGE

SIXTH BOOK

MESSIAH

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF THE
MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The MESSIAH is seiz'd and bound. The
The assembled priests are fill'd with
consternation at being inform'd that the
guard were struck dead. Their fears
are removed by the arrival of a second
and a third messenger. JESUS being
taken before ANNAS, PHILO goes thi-
ther, and brings him to CAIAPHAS.
JOHN expresses the agitations of his
mind. PORTIA, PILATE's wife,
comes to see JESUS. The speeches
of PHILO and CAIAPHAS, with the
evidence given by the suborn'd wit-
nesses. JESUS, on declaring that he is
the SON of GOD, is condemn'd. ELOA
and GABRIEL discourse on his suffer-
ings. PORTIA deeply affected with-
draws, and prays to the chief of the
gods. PETER, in deep distress, tells
JOHN, that he has deny'd his Master,
then leaves him, and deplores his
guilt.

T H E
M E S S I A H.
B O O K VI.

AS the dying Christian, when approaching death shakes each relaxing nerve, prizes the solemn moments more than he esteem'd whole days before : for then his **ALMIGHTY FATHER** claims his last obedience the last struggles of his virtue, which, flowing from a heart now freed from groveling passions, rises towards the **SOURCE OF PERFECTION** ; the soul then plumes her wings, and soars on high, numbering the sacred minutes by fervent prayer ; while the all-seeing **GOD** looks down propitious, and angels prepare the immortal crown : so the hours of the great, the mystic Sabbath became more solemn, as the gracious, the divine **RE-**

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DEEMER hasted to bleed and die. ELOA, rapt in the contemplation of the great MESSIAH's distress, and the importance of this sacred time, soon unveil'd his face to GABRIEL, and thus address'd his celestial friend.

Didst thou see his sufferings?—I tremble still—Didst thou behold the anguish of his great and benevolent mind? My admiration and surprise, no words in our celestial language, can express!—Alas! what has he still to suffer!—On every moment seems to hang an eternity?

Thousands of years, answer'd GABRIEL, have elaps'd since first I strove to learn the future wonders of his love—to obtain some knowledge, though obscure, of the MESSIAH's promis'd grace to man. Yet how have I err'd? Oh let us admire in silence. We are encompass'd by an holy labyrinth of wonders. This place is fill'd with sepulchres: yet the angels will one day awake these dead, meanwhile soft be their slumbers. Then JESUS—But ah behold! Who is he that advances

BOOK VI. THE MESSIAH. 59

with gesture wild, and with uplifted lights, encompass'd? A rebel sent from the deep abyss of Hell!—What a base multitude! He who equally created the grains of sand, and the flaming suns—who equally reigns over the worm and the seraph, knows their inmost thoughts, and is fully acquainted with all their vile designs!—and their leader, their leader, O ELOA! shall not walk thus, when the last trump shall call forth the dust from those hills which cover them from the Judge! Thou, ungrateful traitor, wilt not thus elated walk.

Now the raging multitude advanc'd, waving their torches, and roving with prying eyes, through the mazy groves, and the dark obscure. The great MESSIAH beheld the traitor, and now the night in blackest clouds hung over him, spreading terror all around. Damp horror seiz'd the mind of the perfidious JUDAS; but defying the powerful admonition, and arming himself against the voice of conscience, he softly cry'd, Where is he? His favourites saw him—they saw

him on Mount Tabor, array'd in celestial splendor ; but they have not yet seen him in bonds ! This they shall now see, and forget to build themselves tabernacles of joy !—Yet, O my coward heart, thou tremblest ! Can the coolness and gloom of the night shake the courage of a man ? Peace, thou fluttering, trembling disturber ! All will soon be over ! Then will I build a less visionary tabernacle. Thus he spake to himself, and again hastened forward.

The SAVIOUR seeing them approach, said to himself, Far—very far are the eternal mansions from this abode of sinners. The way I walk leads to the grave, yet will I walk in it. At length it will shine refulgent, when here I shall bid the dead arise, and the judgment seat shall be reveal'd.

JUDAS ISCARIOT led the band. The priests had commanded that he should take armed men, and seek for JESUS among the sepulchres. These were ordered to bind him, and to bring him before the

council. JUDAS knew the place of solemn prayer, the solitary recess where, during the silence of the night, he us'd to pour out his soul to the Most High, in fervent supplications for man. The ungrateful traitor had said to the band, Whomsoever I kiss, is he: take him, and lead him away. But still the night had mercy on that perfidious disciple, and delay'd his giving the insidious kiss. Yet soon the band with impotent fury attack'd the sleeping disciples; when the REDEEMER, moving towards the brutal sinners, with awful dignity, said, Whom seek ye? With rage and tumult, waving their flaming lights, they cry'd, Jesus the Nazarene. Now were come the other disciples; and now the angels who had retir'd, again came, and fix'd their eyes on the MESSIAH, who, with that divine composure, with which he had commanded the agitated waves to be still, answer'd, I am he. Struck by his voice, they all fell speechless at his feet, and with them JUDAS. Thus lie in the martial

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field the dead. Thus stretch'd among the slain lie the most furious warriors, when the sedate chief, from the quiet centre of the battle, sends around him destruction. But at length they awoke from their trance, and the traitor also arose from the earth. Over him hover'd the angel of death, and he seem'd on the point of being call'd to judgment; but concealing the horrors of his mind, and the rancour of his heart, with an affected air of serene friendship, he went up to the holy JESUS, and crying, Hail MASTER! saluted him. Now had he fill'd up the measure of his guilt, and by the basest and most impious action, had, like an infernal spirit, open'd a way to the deep abyfs of terror and dismay. Yet the meek, the humble, the divine JESUS, fill'd with compassion, look'd up to the traitor with an eye of pity, saying, Ah JUDAS! betrayest thou the SON OF MAN with a kiss! Ah unhappy JUDAS! wherefore art thou come? Then gently resign'd himself up to the multitude.

BOOK VI. THE MESSIAH. 63

PETER no sooner beheld this, than his passions being enflam'd, he, with eager impatience, broke through the disciples, drew his sword, and rushing, with an intrepid countenance, on the multitude, struck at the servant of the high-priest, and cut off his ear. But the gracious FRIEND of mankind, smiling benignant, instantly heal'd the wound, and then looking on PETER, check'd his ardour, saying, O my disciple! put up thy sword, and be at peace. Know'st thou not, that were I to pray for help to my FATHER, he would send me from Heaven legions of mighty angels? but how then would the Scripture be fulfill'd? Then turning to the multitude, who rudely bound him, he cry'd, Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and with staves to seize me; as against a vile malefactor, who had escap'd from the hands of Justice? Were not I daily with you teaching in the temple? To you have I taught the way of life. You have I instructed to shun the path of death and of destruction.

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Ye then laid not your hands on me. But this is your hour for accomplishing this work of darkness. Here he ceas'd, and now was come to the brook of Cedron.

In the mean time the council of the priests and elders assembled in the stately palace of CAIAPHAS, and there remain'd agitated on the waves of fluctuating hope. From the inward hall arose their anxious murmurs, which descending down the marble balustrade, struck with motionless astonishment the greedy ears of the alarm'd populace, who trembling blest'd, or stammering vented their maledictions, regardless of the golden lamps that blaz'd along the polish'd columns. The priests now growing impatient, said to each other, None of our messengers is return'd. What can detain them? What means this delay? He who has betray'd his master, has, perhaps, also betray'd us. Or, the Nazarene, according to his frequent practice, has, by some illusion, escap'd.

Thus were they discoursing, impatient and perplex'd by various apprehensions,

when one of their messengers hastily enter'd the hall. His hair stood erect; and a cold sweat bedew'd his pallid countenance, which was distorted by fear and terror. For some time he stood speechless, while all beheld him with looks of astonishment; but at length recovering, he cry'd in a trembling voice, Most reverend priests and rabbies, we went according to your orders, and at last found Jesus of Nazareth beyond the brook, not far from the sepulchres. The sepulchres fill'd with horror did not affright us: but the sky was hung with blacker clouds than ever the eyes of man beheld! Yet the band march'd forward, while I stood at a distance. Soon I saw the prophet. Then was I seiz'd—I know not how it was;—but then was I seiz'd with a shivering, that shook my whole frame!—Yet though they stood so near, they did not know him; but rush'd on those that were about him. He then cry'd with a firm voice, Whom do ye seek? Our men, still undaunted, call'd out aloud, Jesus the Nazarene.

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Then—methinks I hear him still!—All my joints tremble!—He answer'd, as with the voice of Death, I am he! No sooner had he spoke the words, than they all fell on their faces!—They now lie dead!—I only have escap'd to bring the news of their death.

The priests at hearing these dreadful words, chang'd colour, and remain'd as motionless as the rocks. PHILO, the harden'd PHILO, was alone able to speak, and his rage overcoming his fear, he cry'd with a furious voice, Thou, wretch, art either one of his disciples, or art affrighted by the phantoms of the night. The open sepulchres made thee giddy, and fill'd thee with the thoughts of death. Fancy represented to thee the dead. The men we sent live; they would not fall down at a word.

While he yet spake, another messenger enter'd, and cry'd, Ye holy priests and fathers, much have we suffer'd. Before him have we sunk to the earth; for his look was dreadful, and death was in the

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words of his mouth. But yet we have taken and bound him. He himself held out his hands, and suffer'd us to bind them. We took him, trembling, lest we should again hear the powerful, the fatal words. But now he comes along, with silent patience, and has already enter'd the walls of Jerusalem.

Scarce had he finish'd, when a third messenger enter'd, whose looks of joy shew'd that he brought welcome tydings to the enemies of heavenly grace, and spotless virtue. Bowing he spoke, and, in glad accents cry'd, Blessed be you, ye priests of the living GOD, and ye venerable fathers! may all who rise up against you, and all the enemies of the LORD, be destroy'd like this Gallilean! We are bringing him bound with bonds, which neither his words nor smiling countenance will be able to unloose. All his followers have left him, and he is now near the palace. May GOD give you his blood!

He had no sooner concluded, than SATAN enter'd the assembly, and with him

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an infernal joy that fascinated the priests, causing to hover before their eyes the appearance of the streaming blood of CHRIST, his paleness and approaching death; while the voice of his torments flow'd to their ears. They then imagin'd his lips clos'd in everlasting silence, while over his bones pass'd the feet of the saints. Long did they remain under this delirium; but JESUS not appearing, their fears and rage at length return'd. They then sent other messengers, and with them went PHILO.

The guard had stopp'd by the way, and taken JESUS to ANNAS, one of the chief priests; for, while the heavy vapours of the night were falling, the hoary priest had left his bed to see the man who, he imagin'd, had spread confusion through Judea. JOHN follow'd at a distance. Genial sleep had now fled from his eyes, and melancholy sat on his faded cheek. At length, recollecting that this priest was void of that rancour which corroded the heart of CAIAPHAS, he overcame his ti-

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morous dejection, and entering the hall, saw his beloved LORD standing as a criminal before ANNAS, who thus spake:

Thou art to be try'd by CAIAPHAS. If thou art innocent, as the great works thou hast done have spread abroad thy fame, not only the nations of the earth, but the GOD of ABRAHAM, and his children, will bless thee! Say then, what hast thou taught? Who were thy disciples? Didst thou teach the laws of MOSES? Didst thou—didst thy disciples observe them?

ANNAS now paus'd; he wonder'd at the prophet-like mien with which JESUS stood before him; and admir'd his compos'd dignity, undebas'd by pride. The SAVIOUR condescended thus to answer. Freely I taught in the synagogues and in the temple; whither the Jews always resort. Why then askest thou me? ask them who heard me.

While he thus spake, PHILO rush'd in. The assembly was instantly in a tumult. Then an officer, who had the soul of a

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slave, committed, against the gracious SAVIOUR, an action of such mean inhumanity, that it was thought worthy of being foretold by the prophets. PHILO, with imperious voice, now cry'd, Away with this seditious fellow, that he may receive sentence of death ; on which the guard of the bless'd REDEEMER again seiz'd him, and, unresisted, took him thence.

JOHN no sooner saw the MESSIAH in PHILO's power, than his face became overspread with a mortal paleness ; his eyes were dimm'd ; he trembled, and grief took possession of his heart. At last, with unsteady step, leaving the palace, he beheld, at a distance, the moving torches. I will follow,—No,—I dare not now follow thee, cry'd he ; yet I entreat thee, O thou best of men ! that if GOD has decreed that they shall be suffer'd to put thee to death, I who have lov'd thee, and still love thee, with an affection that exceeds that of a brother, may be permitted to die with thee ! that I may not see thee struggling in the agonies of

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death, nor hear the last—last blessing proceed from thy faltering lips!—Is there no deliverer?—no deliverer upon earth?—none in Heaven? Do ye too sleep, ye angels, who sang, when his exulting mother brought him forth? Alas! when your hosannas resounded in her ears, little did she think of his terrible death!—There is no other deliverer, but thee alone, O GOD! the deliverer of the living and the dead! O thou omnipotent FATHER of mankind, have mercy on me, and let him not die!—Let not him die, who is the most holy of all the children of ADAM!—O thou SOURCE OF MERCY! give these murderers—these cruel murderers, a heart! fill their souls with the gentle feelings of humanity!—Ah! I no longer see him! the moving lights disappear!—Now—now—they sentence him to die!—May their cruel souls melt, O JESUS, at beholding thy suffering virtue!—But who is this roving in the dark? Is it not PETER? He has, perhaps, heard our dear MASTER con-

demned to suffer death.—How hastily he walks!—Now he stands still—I no longer hear his footsteps.—How solitary is this place!—How silent this dreadful night!—Ah! this silence is fled.—What tumultuous noise is that?—Perhaps they are hastily, under the covert of the night, dragging him to death, lest the compassion of the people should deliver him—lest the melting stones, or their weeping swords should see his death; and that the angels alone may behold his blood!—Ah! have pity—have pity on him—Have pity on me! and, O thou FATHER OF MERCIES, who hast compassion on all thy works, let him not die!

Thus, in broken sentences, intermix'd with sighs, he, weeping, gave vent to his thoughts, while he slowly mov'd to the high priest's palace, and there continu'd standing without in the dark.

PHILO, the furious leader of the brutal troop that guarded JESUS, hastened before them to the council, where they perceiv'd, by his triumphant look, his lofty deport-

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ment, and flaming eyes, that he who had heal'd the sick, and rais'd the dead, was safe in custody, and near the palace. Before they had time to applaud PHILO's active zeal, the MESSIAH was brought in ; and seeing him entering, they trembled with mingled rage and joy. With a serene countenance he ascended the steps, and stood before the judgment seat. All dignity, even the dignity of a mortal prophet, had he now laid aside, and appear'd as tranquil as if only viewing the fall of some murmuring stream ; or, as if his mind, after being long elevated with the sublimity of divine converse, was now relax'd, while he indulg'd a short interval of pleasing and familiar contemplations. He retained only some traces of his heaven-born excellence ; but these were such as no angel could assume ; and none but those celestial spirits fully discover. PHILO and CAIAPHAS, fill'd with rancour, had their eyes rivetted to the floor. The seat of judgment gave the latter the privilege of speaking first, and

the former, from pride, envy, and jealousy, was ready to assume the same privilege : yet both continu'd silent.

On the side of the palace, where a few lonely lamps presented a dim light, was a circular staircase, that led to the upper part of the judgment hall ; there, leaning on a marble balustrade, PORTIA, the wife of PILOT, stood among the women, in the bloom of beauty. Her person alone was young ; for her mind was adorn'd with the wisdom of riper age. In her the fair blossoms blow'd, and produc'd fruit, as in the mother of the GRACCHI, to enrich the degenerate Romans. Prompted by the desire of seeing the great prophet, PORTIA had hasten'd thither, with few attendants ; for the ostentation of grandeur, and every idea of superiority, she had laid aside. Eternal Providence had directed her steps ; and while the rancorous hatred of the priests fill'd her gentle mind with all the vehemence of indignation ; she, with admiration and earnest solicitude, saw the benevolent JESUS, stand,

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with calm composure, before his persecutors. With different passions was he view'd by PHILO, and thus spake the hypocrite :

Bring him nearer, and bind him faster. But before we begin his trial, let us lift up holy hands to GOD, and praise him, for having, at length pronounc'd his sentence, and his no longer proving us, by keeping silence. Here he lift up his hands, and added ; O JEHOVAH ! hear the prayer of thy people. Thus may all perish who rise up against thee ; may their name, and the place of their abode be forgotten ! May they never be remember'd, except where the bones of the dead lie scatter'd, and where the hills have drank the blood of those who rebel against thee ! Yes, we will praise thee ! We will praise thee ! We will encompass thine altars, rejoicing, and Israel shall be a song of triumph ! Yes, the sinner shall bleed ; for hitherto Juda hath shut his eyes, and yet did see : he hath stopp'd his ears, and yet did hear. But at length the wild illu-

tion is vanish'd. We see that he who pretended to have been before ABRAHAM, is bound. Often, indeed, have the people already seen him, and, with manly resolution, plucking off the galling shackles of error, have taken up stones to slay the Blasphemer ! Yet again they suffer'd themselves to be deceiv'd.—But, O thou Impostor ! this day is the period of their blindness, and of thy deceit ! Though the people are but few in number, yet among these, many will, at our call, witness against thee. The high priest will summon them forth. Mean while I will charge thee, and call all Judea to witness the truth of the accusation.—I charge thee with blasphemy and sedition. Thou who hast cry'd in a manger, hast made thyself a God : hast pretended to forgive sins, and to raise the dead : but thy mother and thy kindred shall soon thee expire. Soon shall it be thy turn, and thou shalt be seen stretch'd out in death. Then awake thyself ! Thou shalt not enjoy such soft slumbers as those thou hast

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rais'd. Thou shalt lie down with the slain, whom GOD has rejected. There sleep—there feel the iron sleep of death, where the revolving sun, and the wandering moon shall drink up corrupted fumes, till Death is satiated, and Golgotha becomes white with human bones. Thus—thus may'st thou lie, and if there be a greater, a more horrid curse, streaming with seven-fold imprecations, which midnight hears, and the howling graves join in uttering, may it alight.—Here the bloated lips of the Blasphemer were instantly stiffen'd, and his distorted visage overspread with the paleness of death. In the moment when he began to denounce his dreadful curses, his conscience, in vain, smote him, for having no fear of the ALMIGHTY; and now an angel of death, invisible to all besides, with a look of terror, stood before him, and thus address'd the harden'd sinner.

The curses that proceed from thy mouth,
O thou most execrable hypocrite! shall
fall on thyself. I lift up my eyes to GOD,

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to the AVENGER, my flaming sword, and
vow thy death!—The dark, the bloody
hour of thy dissolution approaches with
rapid wing. Soon will it come. I vow
to thee, O thou most flagitious hypo-
cite! a death as dreadful as ever mortal
dy'd, without the least—the least mercy,
the least token of relenting favour from
him who is thy CREATOR, and thy
JUDGE. When midnight surrounds thee,
when Death walks in the blackest gloom,
and Gomorra howling tremendous calls
thee, when the king of terrors has struck
the important blow, and thy struggling
spirit, fill'd with horror, takes its flight;
then, in the valley of Benhinnon, shalt
thou see my face.

Thus spake the angel of death, in whose
lowring front were gather'd clouds of
wrath. From his lofty glaring eye flash'd
revenge. He stood like a towering rock,
and, on his shoulders fell his hair, like
the sable locks of night. Yet did not the
destroyer smite him: he only encompass'd
him with his terrors, and made the ac-

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cents of death roar around him. PHILO experienc'd the horrors of the damn'd, as much as a mortal can; horrors rushing upon his soul with instantaneous and overwhelming rapidity. He was struck with sad dismay: his strength fail'd him: he was visibly seiz'd with an universal trembling. Still the terrors of GOD ran through the very marrow in his bones: but as a worm, crush'd by the foot of the passenger, curls writhing upwards its convuls'd frame, and rears aloft its head: thus, with distorted efforts, he at length, after a long pause, struggling strove to proceed; but only added, What I, overpower'd by the offender's guilt, cover with silence, the issue will unfold. Thou high priest, make haste to try him. He ceas'd, stiffen'd by fear, and unable farther to vent his rage.

The silence now grew more silent. PORTIA was greatly affected at beholding the PROPHE T stand serene at the impious, the inhuman speech of his inveterate foe; her eye beam'd with joy, her heart beat

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with redoubled strength, and sublime ideas fill'd her mind. Her eager looks now rang'd over the whole assembly, to see if she could find no generous and noble soul, who, like her, admir'd the PROPHET. But she sought in vain, goodness of heart was not to be found among a people ripe for destruction, who were soon to see in flaming ruins their boasted temple, where JEHOVAH now no longer dwelt. One, however, she observ'd warming himself at a fire in the outer room with the crowd, who with fierce looks seem'd to reproach him: nor did he appear more gentle in his answers. At last, seeming to lose all his firmness, he turn'd pale; with confusion look'd wildly round, and then fix'd his eyes on JESUS. Ah! said she to herself, that is surely the PROPHET's friend, he wishes his deliverance: he, perhaps, seeks to deliver him, and fain would he teach the rude populace to walk in the fair path mark'd out by this wise man; like him to live a life of sobriety and the purest virtue; like him to

be the tender friend of the human race, and, without ostentation, to delight in doing good. But they, void of understanding, threaten to drag him also before the priests and elders. This strikes him with terror: he trembles, and wanting the firmness of this good PROPHEET, shrinks at the menaces of death. Perhaps the afflicted mother of the much injur'd JESUS, suffus'd in tears, besought him to go and save from death the dearest, the best of Sons. Oh with what pain, with what agony of grief, would his amiable, his blessed mother have been fill'd, had she been here, and heard the rancorous speech of that odious Pharisee!—But why—oh why do I feel this deep concern?—Why is my heart fill'd with these strange emotions for a man whose person I never before have seen, though often have I heard of his virtues? Do I wish to have brought forth one who has so noble a mind, and to have given him as a blessing to the world?—O thou mother!—thou happy mother! pride thyself in him, and

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may thy life flow serene!—May thine eye
not see him expire! Yet his death will af-
ford an instructive lesson to the world.

Now the high-priest, rising from his
seat, cry'd, Though all Judea feels the
burthen which the man before us has laid
on every shoulder, and the whole world
too well knows that he has impiously re-
bell'd against the Great JEHOVAH, who
has display'd his terrors on Mount Mo-
riah! that he has rebell'd against the priests
of the MOST HIGH GOD; and against
the great CÆSAR: though not CAIA-
PHAS alone, but all Judea, demand that
sentence should be pass'd against him, and
that death should strike the blow, yet
will we examine witnesses, and hear his
defence. 'Tis true, Israel is not now
assembled, and most of the witnesses are
involv'd in the shades of night—O ye de-
vout people who now sleep, soon will ye
awake to purer festivals than those in
which the Traitor join'd!—for among
the few who are here, witnesses will not
be wanting. Let him who works righte-

ousness, and loves his country, stand forth, and declare the truth.

Thus spake the high priest. Then came forth witnesses false and corrupt. They had receiv'd the hire of iniquity, and PHILO, with most industrious care and superior zeal, had busily employ'd himself in filling their narrow grovelling minds with calumny, and the basest malice. One with an inflam'd look, leering on the MESSIAH, cry'd: How he profan'd the temple we all know: but in no instance did he violate that sacred place with greater impiety, than when he drove away those worthy persons, the dealers in offerings. We were assembled to pray, when coming with fury, he turn'd the sellers of the beasts for the sacrifices, out of the holy portico. What veneration can he have for the ETERNAL, who was guilty of such violence in his temple, as to drive away the offerings by which God is honour'd?

After him appear'd another, who with equal folly and malice misrepresented the divine zeal of the blessed JESUS: falsely

adding, that he would have taken possession of the temple, and from thence have fallen on Jerusalem; but that his followers, who, with repeated shouts, had in the wilderness hail'd him King, here prov'd false, and oblig'd him to fly.

Then arose a Levite, who with a contemptuous air, cry'd, Has he not blasphem'd the MOST HIGH by his enormous pride, in pretending that he had the power to forgive sins? On the holy Sabbath, he conniv'd at his disciples, when they, regardless of the sacred day, pluck'd ears of the standing corn! On the holy Sabbath too he restor'd the wither'd hand! and yet this profane offender, who thus breaks the commandments deliver'd by the MOST HIGH to MOSES on mount SINAI, pretends to forgive sins.

Now spoke the fourth. With a contemptuous smile he arose, and in the voice of ridicule, said, I too must give witness: but what need is there, O fathers, of witnesses against one who, giddy with his vain enterprizes, builds on the most romantic dreams? He has said, and people

no wiser than himself star'd and wonder'd.
—He has said, I say, that he would destroy the temple, and within three days a new one should arise from the dust, built by himself. This, before me, he presum'd to utter.

A man whose hair was whiten'd by time, then disgrac'd his hoary locks by his puerile sentiments. This sinner, said he, keeps company with publicans. I myself was one of that number, and maintain, that from them he has learnt to despise Moses, and to heal diseases on the sabbath.

Thus they witness'd, while looks of expectation were darted on all sides on Jesus, each impatient to hear his defence. So around the dying Christian, whose mind is fill'd with rapturous hopes and dawning joys, stands a crowd of base mockers whispering, The animating dream of immortal life will, like himself, soon disappear. Yet still he enjoys the reviving prospect of endless bliss; prays for himself and for them, and smiles at the grave. Thus the expecting crowd gaz'd on Jesus.

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But silent was the PRINCE OF PEACE.
On which CAIAPHAS, prompted by impetuous rage, cry'd :

Thou sinner, hear'st thou in silence
what these witness against thee? But the
MESSIAH still continu'd to hold his peace;
on which the haughty pontiff, still more
exasperated, raising his voice, cry'd,
Speak; I conjure thee by the living GOD,
to answer, whether thou be CHRIST,
the only begotten SON of the FATHER?
JESUS reply'd, Thou hast said it: CAIAPHAS
now stood erect: his eyes flaming
destruction. SATAN join'd in the same
look, while ABADDON, the angel of
death, who attended PHILO, thus indulg'd
his rapid thoughts:

Were he to esteem these murderers
worthy of an answer, it would be that
of mercy. But the anger of the MOST
HIGH is kindled, and the wicked and
impenitent will be reserv'd for judgment.
The last day will at length arrive. Thou
great and terrible day of the LORD, wilt
arise in all thy dreadful lustre; then will I

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salute thee, thou day of retribution, as the fairest of all the sons of Eternity; for then the balance of Justice shall be held forth, and every man be judg'd according to his works. I will hail thee, O festive Day! when the righteous shall triumph, and with palms in their hands shall encompass the now persecuted and insulted MESSIAH; while these earth-born rebels against the ETERNAL will be involv'd in woe, and cast from the presence of the LORD, and the glory of his power. I will therefore veil myself, and be silent: but my silence is death! my ceasing to speak, the message of the AVENGER!

In an instant these thoughts pass'd through the Angel's mind. He then fix'd his eyes on CAIAPHAS, who had condemn'd the MESSIAH before he spake. Mean while the SAVIOUR lift up his eyes to Heaven, and then fixing them on the high-priest's face, cry'd, I say unto thee, hereafter ye shall see the SON OF MAN sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of Heaven.

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Thus shall JESUS open the last day,
when he shall come in tremendous glory,
descending amidst the songs of angels,
and their sounding harps. Here the SA-
VIOUR open'd a sudden view of futurity,
and with no less rapidity, from the amaz'd
eye, clos'd the tremendous scene.

CALAPHAS now, impell'd by a torrent
of rage, observ'd no measures, but step-
ping forth impetuous, with death lowring
on his brow, rent his garment, and, rolling
his fiery eyes, call'd out to the mute as-
sembly, Speak, ye have heard his blasphem-
ies ! What need have we of farther wit-
nesses ? You have heard what he says.
Speak ; What think ye ? Then all cry'd
out, Let him die ! Let him die !—Yes,
let him die ! rejoin'd PHILO, swelling with
rage ; I must give vent to the fulness of
my heart : Let him die the accursed death
of the cross ! a hard and lingering death !
Let his mouldering bones receive no sepul-
ture, and no rising turf, enamell'd with
flowers, spread over him ! Let his corpse
putrify in the parching sun ! and on the

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day when God shall call forth the dead,
may he continue deaf, and not hear the
voice divine.

Thus spake the man who was now ripe
for death. Incited by him, the multitude
in wild confusion, rush'd on the holy
JESUS.—

O sacred muse of Sion's hill! lend me
the veil with which thou coverest thy face,
when singing thy orisons before the ETER-
NAL: that I, like the blessed spirits on
high, with humble reverence, may cover
mine eyes, adoring. GABRIEL and ELOA
now standing apart and unseen, thus dis-
cours'd:

O ELOA, how deep are the mysteries of
the MOST HIGH! How inscrutable are
his ways! Nothing have I seen that equals
the deep humiliation of the SON—of him
who shone with such resplendent glory!—
of him who on high subdu'd the rebel host!
—of him before whom the bodies of the
dead, shaken by his creating voice, shall,
at his call, awake, and the earth suffer, as
in the throws of child-birth, when he, at-

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tended by the loud resounding trump, the angels of death, and the falling stars, shall come to judgment.

Behold, cry'd ELOA, at the formation of this terrestrial globe, he spake, and the light diffus'd abroad its enlivening rays. Thou, O GABRIEL ! sawest it beam forth. He proceeded, fill'd a thousand times a thousand ideas ! a storm, replete with animating life, rush'd before him ; and a thousand times a thousand living beings assembled on his right hand. At his command the sun, glowing with invigorating and reviving light, turn'd on its center. Then arose the harmony of the spheres ! then he created the visible heavens !

Behold, at his command, reply'd GABRIEL, eternal night fled and skulk'd at a distance from the wide creation ! ELOA, thou wast by when he stood over the dark abyss : when at his call appear'd an enormous mass inert and deform'd : it spread before him like broken suns, or the ruins of an hundred worlds. He bid it glow,

and then through the regions of death arose the blue sulphureous blaze ! Then was torture known : then did the yells of anguish reverberate through the deep profound.

Thus discours'd these great celestial spirits. Mean while PORTIA, unable longer to bear the insults offer'd to the divine JESUS, went up to the top of the palace ; where, having for some time silently indulg'd her tears, she lift up her watry eyes, and her fair hands towards the lowring sky, and thus gave vent to the painful sensations of her disorder'd mind : O thou First of Beings, who createdst the world from chaos, and gavest to man a heart form'd to feel the mild sensations of humanity ! whatever be thy name, GOD ! JUPITER ! or JEHOVAH ! the GOD of ROMULUS, or of ABRAHAM ! —O thou FATHER and JUDGE of all, may I presume to pour out my lamentations before thee ! —May I to thee pour out my complaints ? What offence has this peaceable, this righteous man committed, that he should be inhumanly put

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to death? Dost thou, with delight look down from high Olympus, on suffering virtue? To man indeed it affords an awful admiration, a wonder mix'd with terror: but canst thou who hast form'd the stars, be fill'd with wonder? No—in thee amazement has no place? More sublime are the sensations of the God of gods! Surely thy divine eyes cannot, without pity, behold the guiltless suffer! nor wilt thou fail to reward him, who, thus calmly resign'd, offers up himself a sacrifice to virtue, and to thee! as for me, compassion flows down my cheeks. But thou, where there is no trembling tear, canst discern the hidden anguish of suffering virtue. O thou FATHER of gods and men, reward, and behold, if possible, this righteous man with admiration!

As she now stoop'd over the balustrade that encompass'd the flat roof of the palace, she heard below, mournful accents, that seem'd to proceed from a person in despair. These sounds of grief were ut-

ter'd by PETER. JOHN, who had continu'd standing at the door, hearing PETER's groans, and the plaintive broken accents that burst from him, with tender pity cry'd, Ah! PETER, is he yet living? Thou weep'st!—thou art silent!—JOHN! return'd PETER, leave me—leave me to die alone!—I cannot survive my guilt! Our gracious MASTER is lost! But more lost am I!—O JUDAS! JUDAS! thou execrable disciple, hast betray'd him!—I too have been false; before all who have ask'd me, I, miserable that I am, have deny'd him! Curse me, JOHN, then go, and leave me to die in silence. Do thou—do thou also die—JESUS is sentenc'd to suffer death; and I, like a base, a pusillanimous, a dastardly wretch, have publicly, before sinners, deny'd him!

Thus PETER, in the agony of his grief, confess'd his guilt to JOHN; who, struck with surprise and concern, continu'd silent. The repentant disciple then hasted from him, and stood in the dark, by the

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dew besprinkled corner stone of that spacious building, against which faintly leaning, he sunk down, and declining upon it his drooping head, long wept in silence. But at last, in broken sentences, thus express'd the emotions of his agitated mind. O Death ! let thy hideous form now forever cease to affright me !—Turn, O JESUS ! turn away that tender, that killing look !—Ah ! I, ungrateful ! have committed the foulest, the blackest deed ! I, like a base coward, have deny'd thee, my FRIEND ! my gracious MASTER !—thee whom I lov'd—thee who lovedst me with an affection superior to that of the kindest friend !—thee whose godlike virtues, whose benevolence, whose piety, more than thy miracles, render thee all divine ! O my grovelling timorous soul, what hast thou done ?—In the great day of retribution, my dear LORD will disown me !—disown me before his faithful disciples, and all the holy angels !—This—this I deserve ! Yet, O JESUS, whom

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I still love! compassionate my anguish,
and let me not hear the dreadful words,
depart from me, I know thee not!—O
horrid—horrid thought! Alas! alas! what
have I done? The more I think of my
crime, the more sensible I am of my
guilt, and the deeper I feel its envenom'd
sting! Thus with conscious shame, and
deep remorse, shall I languish out my
wretched life, and lingering die!

Here he ceas'd, and silent indulg'd his
tears. Near him stood ORION, his guar-
dian angel, who with soft pity, and sera-
phic joy, observ'd his penitential sorrow.
PETER now falling on his bended knees,
cast up his tearful eyes towards Heaven,
and, in a low voice cry'd, Thou awful
JUDGE SUPREME, the FATHER of men
and angels, and of my LORD, thy blessed
SON! Oh pity—pity my distress! Thou
know'st the anguish of this contrite heart,
the keen sensations of my troubled soul!
I have deny'd—basely deny'd JESUS, my
LORD! my gracious MASTER! and my

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FRIEND! Yet extend thy mercy to me, ungrateful! Forgive, forgive this soul, so dastardly, and so vile. He will die! Unworthy am I to die with my dear LORD—But before he bows his head to the grave—before he gives his last blessing to his faithful disciples, may I once more see him cast a gracious look on me, and may his dying eyes cheer me with forgiveness! To thee, O JESUS! would I then sue for pardon, and not for a blessing. I would entreat thee to let me hear from thy lips that thou forgiveest me: for my guilt will not permit me to say, My LORD, hast thou but one blessing, and that confin'd to these thy righteous, thy faithful disciples!—Then if by my tears, my humble sorrow, my deep contrition, I prevail on thee to let me hear that I have obtain'd forgiveness, I will go, and before the whole world acknowledge thee as my LORD.—While it is thy will, O my adorable CREATOR, that I should live among men, it shall be my sweetest

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employment to seek out the good, the pious, the pure of heart, to whom, with incessant grief and tears, will I say, Yes, I knew JESUS, the most holy, the dearest, the best of men, the SON of the MOST HIGH GOD ! Yet was I unworthy to know him !—I was one of his chosen disciples ! —He lov'd us all—he lov'd me—yet I, unworthy, did not return his love ! In the hour of his distress, my courage fail'd, and I no longer lov'd the most holy of men, the best, the most divine ! His kind, his generous heart overflow'd with benevolence ; he liv'd for others, and not to himself. He fed the poor : he heal'd the sick : he rais'd the dead to life. Hence he was hated !—hence he was murder'd by wretches dead to humanity ! I will teach you the words of wisdom that fell from his gracious lips. But first, arise, ye men, and come away, let us go to his grave, and weep !—Ah ! his grave ! how dreadful the thought !—O JESUS ! thou divine JESUS ! Where will be thy grave ?

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—Ah, where wilt thou rest in peace?—
Where will the rage of the cruel leave
thee a grave?

Thus with deep anguish, and humble
fervour, PETER deplor'd his ingratitude
to him, whom the sinners of the earth,
in their words acknowledge, and in their
actions deny: but he wept, and obtain'd
the martyr's crown.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE
MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

ELOA welcomes the returning morn with an hymn. The MESSIAH is led to PILATE, and accused by CAIAPHAS and PHILO. The dreadful despair, and death of JUDAS. MARY comes, sees her divine SON standing before the Roman governor, and, fill'd with grief, applies to PORTIA, who comforts her, and tells her dream. The MESSIAH is sent to HEROD, who expecting to see him work a miracle, is disappointed: when CAIAPHAS observing his dissatisfaction, accuses JESUS, who, after being treated with derision, is sent back to PILATE. That governor endeavours to save him; but is prevailed on to release BARABBAS, and condemn JESUS. He is scourged, arrayed in a purple robe, and crowned with thorns, and in this condition PILATE shews him to the people to excite their compassion, but finding all in vain, he delivers him to the priests, who cause him to be led to crucifixion.

THE

MESSIAH.

BOOK VII.

ELOA now stood amidst the purple
 blushes of the opening morn, en-
 compass'd by the guardians of the earth,
 and in slow and solemn strains join'd his
 lyre to his melodious voice.

To thee, Eternity, is born this awful
 day—this day of blood ; which rises in the
 Heavens replete with mercy, and with
 grace divine. Hail, all gracious FATHER !
 —hail !—who gavest thy SON to die for
 man, and who, from blackest human
 guilt, brings forth smiling peace and im-
 mortality. Hail, SAVIOUR, meek and
 holy ! This day shall shew thy love to man,
 while all the wondering host above, en-
 raptur'd shall admire thy condescension,
 and extol thine high philanthropy and

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grace. Ye cherubim and seraphim tune your golden lyres, and chant his praise, who now will bleed and die, that man may live. Thou now shalt bruise the serpent's head, and break the sting of death. From the earth shall angels arise; and quitting their mortal clay, appear in radiant forms; while eternal Rest shall close the train of thine exalted triumphs. Behold that hill of mouldering earth, the altar on which the blessed SAVIOUR will be sacrific'd by sinners. It trembles at the approach of the mighty victim, and had the great ETERNAL pil'd up stars, as stones from the purling brook, to form an altar for his gracious, his god-like SON, the enormous mass would have trembled at his approach.

Hail blessed day, replete with mercy, and with grace divine! Behold the sun now begins to smile with more refulgent lustre on this earthly globe. See how his slanting rays skim along the nether sky! Hail day of sacred rest, and solemn joy in Heaven, in which the seraphs lay their crowns before the eternal throne adoring.

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Let all the wide creation join to praise the suffering JESUS, and suns and worlds innumerable admire and celebrate his mercy, and his love divine.

Thus sang ELOA, while his sacred hymn resounded through the heavens. On this earth mortals blinded, and harden'd by sin, had very different thoughts—thoughts like those of SATAN. Eternal providence permitted the transgressors to fill up the measure of their iniquities. Now had the high-priest assembled his creatures in the inner hall, where sitting in council, they conspir'd against the holy JESUS. There, in deep consultation, they debated on the methods by which they might bring over PILATE to join their bloody purpose: on the measures to be taken with the multitude; and on the manner in which the SAVIOUR should die. But the proud PHILO despising them too much to pay the least regard to their advice, abruptly left the assembly, and sought the MESSIAH, whom he found sitting with the guard at the declining fire. Before him, with menacing port, he, with quick step,

walk'd to and fro: till, at length, his threatening eye, gleaming with revengeful fury, became fix'd on JESUS. He then stood still: but amidst all the ebullitions of rage, with fluttering anxiety foresaw a train of difficulties that oppos'd his design: these he provided against, by placing before his mind every expedient which eloquence, the authority of the priests, or any external object might afford: leaving nothing to chance. At length, recollecting that JESUS might be rescu'd by the furious populace, his heart began to fail; but checking his fears, and summoning all his courage, he resolv'd to put him to death, or to perish in the attempt. Then considering that the time for executing his fell purpose was now arriv'd, his heart again flutter'd; but he soon suppress'd all the tumult within, and now full of his resolutions, the slight airy web prepar'd by vain precaution, he return'd to the council; where he instantly cry'd, with a loud voice, Still, fathers do you delay! Does not the dawn already appear?—Shall he yet live till the evening?

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Rouz'd at PHILO's words, the council suddenly broke up; and the guard rudely laying their hands on the blessed JESUS, they, with a formidable body of the priests, scribes, and elders, led him to PILATE. Cold was the breath of the morning; and the glimmering light of the rising day now unveil'd to JESUS the temple, which was only for a few hours to prefigure a nobler sacrifice, than was ever offer'd on the smoaking altars. From that structure he turn'd his eyes to Heaven. He was hurry'd along, and early as it was, was soon attended by a numerous multitude: for report had not conceal'd the transactions of the night. Messengers were dispatch'd to inform PILATE of their coming, and they had scarcely arriv'd, when that governor, to his great surprise, beheld all the tribe of Juda appear before him, only to bring a dubious charge against a single man. Having press'd up the ample stair-case which led to the judgment hall, they stopp'd in an open gallery before it, call'd Gabbatha, where PILOT had caus'd his seat to be plac'd: for the

approaching festival did not permit their entering the court of justice. There, in superb state, sat PILATE on the seat of judgment, who immediately cry'd, Of what does the elders of Israel accuse the prisoner? and—How! added he, interrupting himself, do I see CAIAPHAS himself here? This he spake aloud, with his eyes fix'd more on JESUS than on the assembly. The high-priest then advancing nearer, said: We flatter ourselves, that PILATE has such an opinion of the fathers of Israel, as to be persuaded that they would not have brought this man before him, were he not a criminal. Yes, PILATE, he is a criminal, and his crime greater than has ever been committed since Israel has enjoy'd the happiness of being under thy government. With such indignation has his guilt fill'd the fathers of Judea, that they are unable to represent before thee, in a clear light, the impious opposition this JESUS has made against the laws of our prophet, and the holy temple! or how the forcerer, by his fascinating speeches, and a thousand mi-

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racles, has seduc'd the people! Long,
very long, O PILATE! has he deserv'd
death.—

Here PILATE interrupting him, cry'd,
Then take him, and judge him according
to your law. Why, O Roman! resum'd
the high-priest, dost thou mock us? Thou
canst not but know, that it is not lawful
for us to put any man to death. Here he
paus'd, vex'd that PILATE should oblige
them to recollect their lost freedom: but
soon continu'd, Thou know'st what sub-
mission, what unreserv'd obedience and un-
shaken fidelity we have shewn to TIBE-
RIUS, our sovereign, and the father of his
country. This JESUS, whom thou seest be-
fore thee, has assembled the people in the
wildernesses of Judea, where, by his facti-
ous speeches, he has incited them to shake
off their subjection to CÆSAR, and to make
him king. He pretended to be the per-
son foretold by the prophets as the deli-
verer of Judah. He search'd into their
inmost thoughts, learnt their sentiments,
sympathiz'd in their concerns, and when
they were hungry in the desert, supply'd

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them with food. How greatly he has by these means attach'd them to himself, appears from the manner in which he made his public entry into Jerusalem—But I shall not attempt to describe the pomp and rejoicings of that profane day. Thou thyself must have observ'd them, and have heard the rude acclamations, the hosannas, the frantic exultations of the mad'ning populace, which doubtless shook even this solid edifice.

At this PILATE only smil'd : on which PHILO repressing the heat of his malice, and all the fury of ungovern'd rage, calmly began, Could I, O thou wise Roman, imagine that thou wouldst suffer thyself to be so deceiv'd by a specious shew of humility, as to believe the proud traitor incapable of forming ambitious schemes of rebellion, I should now continue silent. But thou know'st mankind.—This JESUS, however contemptible he may seem, while bound and a prisoner, made a very different appearance in the desarts of Galilee. I beg, O PILATE ! thy patient hearing, while I lay before

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thee a slight sketch of his projects. First, by the arts already mention'd by the high-priest, he practis'd on the infatuated multitude. He then proceeded to try how far he could govern them. But how did the trial answer his presumptuous attempt? Confident discourses, eloquence sublime, now indeed lying dormant, and fictitious miracles, gave him success. His projects ripening apace, he mov'd the multitude to make him king. They flock'd about him, and the air resounded with their applause. This he perceiv'd, and the more to inflame their zeal, withdrew from their sight. This succeeded. They went in quest of him, and the rolling stream was swell'd by the accession of new currents. At length finding their strength equal to the end propos'd, he no longer avoided them; but enter'd Jerusalem in triumph. Yet, however great was the attachment of the multitude to him, it went not so far as to induce them to compel the fathers of Jerusalem to go out and meet their king. And be assur'd, O PILATE! that had they dar'd to make

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the attempt, there is not a hoary head among all those thou seest before thee, nor any of us who serve at the altar, who would not with joy have bled in the cause of GOD, and of CÆSAR.

Pensive stood the MESSIAH. Over Him hover'd sufferings, the price of the great redemption. Death in its most horrid form summon'd him to the altar, while those who rag'd around him were only the sacrificers, and these he scarce observ'd. Thus the commander, chosen by his native country, to chastise an insolent invader, and to revenge the indignant tears of expiring liberty, looks not at the dust that rises from the ensanguin'd plain. But PILOT, though a Roman, was fill'd with amazement at the silence of the MEDIATOR. Thou hear'st, said he, the heavy charge that is brought against thee, and yet art silent—Perhaps thou art unwilling to defend thyself before this tumultuous assembly. Follow me. JESUS then followed the Roman governor into the judgment hall.

BOOK VII. THE MESSIAH. III

Now Uncertainty, with staggering feet,
walk'd among the priests, spreading over
their faces pallid fear.

But a more abandon'd sinner than
they: one who, with guilt of deeper
dye, had ungratefully betray'd his divine
friend, seeing the approach of that death,
to which he found the impatient priests
were resolv'd to lead him, suddenly start-
ed up, and hastily rush'd out of the as-
sembly, then pressing through the waving
multitude, flew to the temple, where
CAIAPHAS, dreading an insurrection, had
posted a number of priests. This the
traitor knew, and now had enter'd the
sacred structure, where reign'd an awful
silence. At the sight of the veil, hang-
ing before the Holy of Holies, he hastily
turn'd aside; he was seiz'd with a sudden
tremor; paleness sat on his cheek, guilt
and horror on his brow. Then going
with frantic gesture up to the priests, he
cry'd aloud, Take back your silver. I
have sinn'd in betraying the blood of the
innocent, which, wretch that I am! now
falls on my head! He then threw the

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money at their feet, and rolling his eyes, in wild despair, rush'd out of the temple, and out of Jerusalem, flying from the sight of man. He stops, and looks around. He runs. Again he stands still. Again he flies. Then hastily casts his eyes about to see whether he be observ'd by mortal eye. At length no human being appears in sight, and the noise of the city dies on his ear.

JUDAS then clenching his hands, and stamping, cry'd, Oh, how my guilt stares me in the face, and tears this obdurate, this black, this cruel heart! I cannot—I must not bear it! This nameless agony will not—no, it will not, after death, be more dreadful! O horror most horrible! O rage—rage, too long am I in thy power! When these eyes are clos'd—these ears are deaf—I shall not see him stretch'd on the cross!—I shall not see his trickling blood! nor hear his faltering voice!—But he who spoke on Horeb said, Thou shalt do no murder!—He did—But I have no GOD!—Thou Misery shalt be my GOD! Thou commandest me to die!—I will obey—I will die!—

BOOK VII. THE MESSIAH. 113

Ah ! why do I tremble ? why feel this inward conflict ? Why, O my soul ! dost thou shudder at the dreadful deed ? Ah traitor ! does the love of life still rise ? Wouldst thou live—live branded as the most treacherous—most ungrateful—most accurs'd ? — Have I not betray'd — aye, murder'd the holy Jesus—once my friend ? for this the Grave opens wide its gaping jaws—and Hell !—Oh horror—horror inexpressible ! — Sure Hell cannot be worse ! — I'll know the worst. Die ! — wretch die ! — kill also the soul, which would carry its wretchedness beyond the grave.—Thought, thou art my torment, —my curse ! — I would kill thought ! — Thou thinking principle, so wretched, and that yet shudders at this dread deed of black despair, to thee I wish destruction ! Thus, with wandering look he spake, and then with fury curs'd, and rag'd against the ETERNAL.

ITHURIEL, and OBADDON, the angel of death, had follow'd his steps. IS-CARIOT now stood silent under a spreading tree, and, by each gesture shew'd,

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that he was devoting himself to destruction. Then ITHURIEL, with precipitate voice, said to OBADDON, Behold he is going to die by his own hand ! I who have been his angel, was willing once more to see him. Now the sinner is left to thee, and to the dread effects of his rash despair. Though once his guardian, I now deliver him up to thee. He sacrifices himself, lead him to death everlasting. Thou know'st the divine command. I veil myself, and fly from the scene of horror. Then OBADDON, rising to the summit of an adjacent hill, stretch'd towards Heaven his right hand, in which he held a flaming sword, and utter'd the solemn, the dreadful words pronounc'd by the angels of death, when man filling up the measure of his guilt, impiously deserts the post allotted him by the great CREATOR, and flying in the face of sovereign mercy, which ever smiles on true repentance, murders himself.

O Death ! I conjure thee, by the awful name of the great OMNIPOTENT, to
[make this man thy prey ! His blood be

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upon himself. Behold thou, to thee, extinguishest the sun. Life and Death lie before thee : but thou, wretched mortal, shortenest the time appointed thee by sovereign wisdom, and chusest death. Withdraw thy light, O Sun ! and on him come the agonies of expiring nature ! O Grave, open wide thy tremendous jaws ! and seize him, O Corruption ! His blood be upon himself.

JUDAS heard the voice of the immortal spirit. Thus, at midnight, the wandering traveller, in a lonely forest, listens to the distant storm which howls in the mountains, and tears up the cloud-top'd cedars on their lofty summits. ISCARIOT, fill'd with all the frenzy of despair, answer'd, Too well I know thy voice : thou art JESUS, who is now put to death, and followest me, requiring thy blood, which I, ungrateful, have spilt ! Here I am !—I come !—I come !—Take my life in return. Thus crying, with look wild and furious, he leapt from the crag of a shelving rock, and was suspended in the air. OBADDON himself was astonish'd, and

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started back.—He dies.—The amaz'd struggling soul, ere the breaking of his convuls'd heart, thrice shook his whole frame; and at the fourth, the stretching cord, by which he hung, broke : he fell on the craggy rock, and Death drove his frantic spirit from its earthly mansion. It arose upwards. Volatile spirits follow'd from the squalid corpse, and, swifter than thought, gather'd round it, and became an ærial body, that, with clearer eyes, the soul might behold the dreadful abyss, and, with finer and more terrify'd ear, distinguish the thunders of the awful JUDGE rolling on high : but it was a body odious to the sight of man, weak, and only sensible of pain. Soon had the soul recover'd from the stupor of death. It began to think, and said, Am I again sensible ?——What am I now ?—How light I raise myself on high in the air ? Are these bones ?—No, they are not—but yet I have a body !—How mysterious !—Who am I ?—But—dreadful are my perceptions ?—I feel myself miserable !—Am I JUDAS, who dy'd by his own

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hands ?—Where am I ?—Who is he on the hill—that bright figure, who casts a dreadful look towards me ?—Oh that my eyes had remain'd clos'd in darkness !—but they see more clearly !—more clearly still !—ah, how dreadfully clear !—Away, JUDAS, begone !—O horror ! horror ! it is the JUDGE of the earth !—I cannot escape !—and that is my frightful corpse ! O that I could enter it again !

Now the guilty spirit, amaz'd and confounded, sunk to the ground. Arise, call'd OBADDON from the hill, sink not down to the earth. I am not the JUDGE of the world ; but OBADDON, the angel of death, one of his messengers. Hear thy sentence. This is the first, and worse is that which will follow.

To death everlasting art thou adjudg'd ! Thou hast betray'd thy LORD, the gracious MESSIAH ! Thou hast rebell'd against the omnipotent JEHOVAH ! and hast murder'd thyself ! Therefore he who holds the scales in his right hand, and in his left, death, hath said, The terrors that shall gather round the head of the traitor are beyond measure ; beyond the reach of numbers.

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First shew him the bleeding REDEEMER
fix'd on the cross. Then at a distance let
him see the bright mansions of everlasting
felicity, and then convey him to the
gloomy regions of eternal night!

Thus the angel announc'd the sentence.
On which the trembling ghost, now render'd
by its terrors still blacker and more
horrible, at a distance follow'd OBADDON.

In the mean time JESUS was in the
judgment hall with PILATE, who said,
Art thou the King of the Jews? The
SAVIOUR looking on the Roman with a
placid gravity, answer'd, If my kingdom
were of this world, then would my ser-
vants fight: but my kingdom is not on
earth. How then, return'd PILATE,
canst thou be a king? I am, said JESUS.
I came down to earth, and was born to
lead mankind to the truth. They that are
of the truth listen to my voice.

Here PILATE chang'd the discourse,
and with the air of a politician, willing to
elude the decision of an affair which he
thinks beneath his farther enquiry, said
with a smile, What is truth? Then re-

turn'd with JESUS to the multitude, and addressing himself to the priests, said, I cannot find that he is guilty of any crime; much less that he is worthy of death. It does not appear to me, that he has really engag'd in any seditious practices: but as ye have mention'd Galilee as the principal scene of his rebellion, I will send him to HEROD, who is now in Jerusalem, and let him, if he pleases, punish him. The affair seems to relate to something in your law, of which HEROD is a better judge than I.

After a sleepless night, the mother of the most amiable of the sons of men, came to Jerusalem with the first appearance of the dawn, and hasted to the temple in search of the divine JESUS; but not finding him, stood depress'd by anxiety and grief, till a hoarse murmur from the governor's palace reach'd her ears. She then mov'd towards the sound without any idea of the cause from which it arose, and mingled with the crowds which from every part of Jerusalem were flocking to the judgment seat. Melancholy, but en-

tirely at ease with respect to the cause of the tumult, she drew near to the solemn place, when she observ'd LEBBEUS, who no sooner met her eye, than he hastily withdrew. Ah, cry'd she to herself, he shuns me! Why does he turn aside? This thought drew the sword which the divine providence had ordain'd, should pierce through her soul. MARY then entering the place call'd Gabbatha, and raising her head, saw JESUS. Her angel, on beholding the paleness of death, overspread her face, and the tender anguish that appear'd in her eyes, turn'd aside. Yet she, though her sight grew dim, and her ears seem'd stunn'd, went forward, and, trembling, proceeded towards the judgment seat, where she at once saw her son, his powerful accusers, with the Roman governor sitting in judgment, and heard the voices of the multitude clamourously demanding his death. What could she do? To whose mercy could she have recourse? She look'd around and saw no pity. She rais'd her eyes to Heaven, but from thence receiv'd no relief. In this extremity her

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bleeding heart in silent fervor, thus offer'd
up its petitions to Him who perfectly
knows every idea of the human mind.

O thou who causedst the miraculous
birth of this my dear Son to be made
known to me by an angel, before I had,
by thy power, conceiv'd: who in Beth-
lehem's vale gave him to me, that I might
rejoice with a mother's joy, in concert
with those with whom never mother re-
joic'd: with a joy which the angelic hosts
themselves in their hymns at his birth,
did not fully express: oh let me not see
the wicked prevail against him. Thou
who didst graciously lend an ear to the
supplications of the mother of SAMUEL,
when, at thine altar, she mingled her pe-
titions with her tears, hear my sighs, and
pity the distress of my soul. O God
most merciful! consider the anguish of
my heart, which is greater than what I
felt for him from the pains of child-birth.
Thou gavest me the tenderness of a mo-
ther; thou gavest me the best of Sons—
Of all human beings the best. O thou
who createdst the Heavens, and hast di-

rected the sons and daughters of affliction to fly to thee for relief, if my petition be agreeable to thy divine will, suffer not these cruel men to put to death my Son, the holy JESUS.

Here her affliction grew too great to permit her even to give vent to her thoughts. Meanwhile the stream of the impetuous multitude drove her aside out of his view. With much difficulty she now made way through the crowd: she stood still: then press'd forward, seeking for his disciples; but not finding them, she veil'd herself, and freely indulg'd her tears. At length, lifting up her eyes, she saw herself close by the other side of the Roman palace: then sighing, she said to herself, Perhaps some humane, some tender mind may dwell in this riotous house: perhaps a mother, who is not above sympathizing in a mother's grief. Oh that this were but the case!—Many mothers report of thee, O PORTIA! that thou hast a benevolent heart.—O ye angels, who at the manger sang the nativity of my Son! may she pity my distress!

MARY instantly ascended the marble steps, took off her veil, and enter'd the empty, silent rooms. Soon she saw a graceful Roman lady, issue forth from a distant chamber, on the side next the hall of judgment, who, beholding MARY, stood surpriz'd, while her limbs appear'd to tremble under her loose robe. The mother of JESUS, though her countenance was clouded by grief, in all her gestures shew'd a dignity that was admir'd even by the angels: for true dignity is best understood by the celestial spirits; and now, with a graceful humility, she approach'd the fair Roman, who instantly cry'd, Say—oh say, who art thou? for never have I beheld such dignity—such noble sorrow.

MARY now interrupting her, said, If thou feelest in thine heart the compassion that sits on thy countenance, lead me—oh lead me to the amiable, the humane, the generous PORTIA. The lovely Roman matron, now still more amaz'd, answer'd, with softest voice, I am PORTIA. Thou, the generous PORTIA! return'd

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MARY, fill'd with an agreeable surprise.
On seeing thee a secret wish arose in my
mind, that PORTIA was such as thou ap-
pear'st. And art thou indeed that Ro-
man lady?—But thou canst know little
of the grief felt by a mother, belonging
to a people whom thou hatest, yet the
women of Israel extol thy gentleness and
humanity. I am the mother of him whom
PILATE is now judging, whom cruel
men have unjustly accus'd, though he has
committed no offence; for he is holy, and
his life irreproachable.

PORTIA stood viewing her with rap-
turous admiration; while her nobler
thoughts, raising her mind above the de-
jections of compassion, she at first seem'd
lost in amazement. At length she cry'd,
And is he thy Son, and thou the most
blest'd of women? Art thou the mother
of the divine JESUS? Art thou MARY?
Then turning from her, she, with audible
voice, thus lift up her thoughts, and her
eyes to Heaven.

O ye Gods! she is his mother! I call
upon you, ye nobler, ye better Gods,

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of whom I have heard in a dream—in a dream full of realities, and of high importance. O thou SUPREME ! JUPITER is not thy name, nor APOLLO ; but whatever thou art call'd, thou hast sent to me the mother of the greatest, the wisest, the best of men ! if indeed he be a man. And is she not become a suppliant to me ?—to me ?—oh let her not offer her supplications to me ! but rather let her lead me to him—to her exalted Son, that he may deliver me from darkness and doubt ! that by casting upon me a distant look, he may unfold the knowledge of the MOST HIGH GOD, and the wondrous mysteries I long to know.

PORTIA again turn'd herself towards MARY, who, with an affectionate look, met the Roman matron's eye, and then cry'd : How art thou mov'd ?—Doth PORTIA pity me ?—Oh then am I happy—then am I indeed a most happy mother ! No mother ever lov'd a son with a love like mine. But, O fair Roman ! let me conjure thee by thy heart so full of compassion, not to implore thy Gods. It

is thou thyself must help my Son; they have no power to help him, Nor canst thou, if the MOST HIGH has decreed that he shall die. Yet if PILATE preserves his soul unstain'd with the blood of the innocent, with more confidence will he appear before the judgment seat of GOD.

PORTIA earnestly fixing her eyes on MARY, thus, with gentle voice, reply'd :
 Oh what said I first? — what last? — I scarcely know what I say, or what emotions swell my heart ! First, let this be thy comfort : let this be thy consolation ; I will strive to help thee — thee whom my soul loveth. Know too, O MARY ! that I do not, as thou supposest, call on those Gods. A holy dream, from which I am but just risen, has taught me better Gods, and to them have I pray'd — A dream, such as hath never before been presented to my imagination — a terrifying, an heavenly vision ! I would have help'd thee, MARY, even though thou hadst not come : for the vision that appear'd before me, had already, with a

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powerful voice, spoke in thy behalf: but the end of it was dreadful and surpassing my understanding. At my awaking, strong were the impressions it had made upon my mind, and I was hasting to see the mighty prisoner, when behold, the Gods sent me his mother!

Here she beckon'd to a female slave, who stood at a respectful distance in the passage: for on leaving her apartment, she had given orders that a slave should be sent to attend her. She was now come, and PORTIA, addressing herself to her, said, Go to PILATE, and let him know from me, that he who is now before him is a divine person, that therefore I entreat him not to condemn the righteous. For this morning it was the will of the Gods, that a vision in his behalf should trouble me while I slept. Then turning to MARY, she added, Cease now, thou tender mother, to dwell on thy sorrows. I will lead thee into my garden: we will walk among the flowers opening to the morning sun; where we shall be free

from this alarming noise, and there I will relate to thee my instructive dream.

PORTIA was now silent, and MARY, unable to express her gratitude and joy, made no reply. They walk'd down into the garden, while the noble pagan was rapt in amazement, and in reflections which had never before employ'd the faculties of her mind. Her angel had infus'd the dream, and from the strong and warm sensations with which she was affected, now awak'd new thoughts, that with the greater certainty and force, he might touch the finest strings of her heart : but at length, rousing herself from these contemplations, she thus address'd herself to MARY.

SOCRATES,—thou indeed know'st him not ; but my mind exults at his very name ; for the noblest life that ever man liv'd, he crown'd with a dignity in death, that did honour to such a life. That eminent sage, has always been the object of my highest admiration. Him I saw in a dream : for he gave me to know his immortal name. I, SOCRATES, said he,

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whom thou admirest, am come to thee from the regions beyond the grave. Cease to place thine admiration on me. The DEITY is not what we thought him. I in the shades of rigid wisdom, and thou at the altars, have gone astray. To reveal to thee the wonders of the MOST HIGH would exceed my commission. I only lead thee to the first step of the outer court of his temple. Perhaps, in these wonderful days, in which the greatest and most important event is seen on earth, a better and more exalted spirit may come, and lead thee farther in the way of truth and holiness. But thus much I may declare to thee, and this knowledge thou hast procur'd by thy singular goodness. SOCRATES no longer suffers from the cruelty of the wicked. There is no Elysium, no infernal judges, no Tartarus. These are only weak and chimerical fictions, the offspring of Ignorance and Error. Another Judge judges beyond the grave, whose wisdom comprehends all knowledge, whose justice is impartial, whose power is boundless, and whose

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goodness is infinite. Other suns shine than the fabulous luminaries of Elysium, and the felicity of the blest is pure, ineffable, eternal. But all actions are number'd, weigh'd, and measur'd, how then must the highest apparent virtues sink in real value! how is the boasted worth of the hypocrite scatter'd like dust before the whirlwind. The sincere are rewarded: their involuntary errors receive forgiveness. Thus I, on account of the sincerity of my heart, have obtain'd grace, and am happy. On earth I lov'd virtue; here I drink full draughts from its pure celestial spring. O PORTIA! PORTIA! how different is the state on the other side the tomb, from that we have imagin'd. Your formidable Rome, is no more than a large assemblage of busy ants, and one sympathizing virtuous tear is of more value than a world. Oh deserve to shed such tears! What at present employs the fix'd attention of the celestial spirits, I have not yet perfectly discover'd, and stand adoring, rapt in wonder and surprise. The greatest of mankind, if I may

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presume to call him a man, suffers more than the sufferings of a mortal, and paying the lowest obedience to the MOST HIGH GOD, perfects all virtue. He suffers for the human race. Behold, thine eyes have seen him. PILATE now sits in judgment on thy REDEEMER: but should his blood be shed, louder will it cry, than any innocent blood ever spilt.

Here the venerable phantom paus'd, and then crying, Observe! instantly vanish'd. I look'd around me, and, behold, a black cloud soon cover'd all the azure sky with darkness, and descending, hover'd over the graves, which trembling, open'd. Over one of them the cloud separated, forming a lucid chasm, through which ascended a man stain'd with blood, follow'd by the eyes of multitudes dispers'd on the graves, who look'd upwards, with stretch'd out arms, as if longing to follow him, till he ascended above the clouds, which soon dispers'd. After this I look'd, and behold many bled and dy'd for him, who had ascended on high. The earth drank their blood, and

trembled. I saw the sufferers die; nobly did they suffer, and better were they than the men among whom we live. Now arose a tempest: dreadful it march'd along, spreading a thick gloom over all nature. Terrify'd I awoke.—Here she abruptly paus'd. Thus the mind, trembling, starts back from a train of thoughts, on finding that the last verges too near on the awful depths of providence.

PORTIA continu'd standing, while MARY lifting up her pensive eyes to Heaven; and then casting an affectionate look on the fair virtuous Roman, thus answer'd, What shall I say, O PORTIA? To me the purport of this amazing vision is not fully known: but how much do I honour thee, O thou favour'd of Heaven! Spirits of an higher order will come, and lead thee into the sanctuary of God. Silent as I am, when with pleasure and admiration I listen to thy discourse, permit me now to say, that he who created the revolving Heavens, with as much ease as these blooming flowers: who has given to the human race a life of labour, of

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fleeting joys, and transient sorrows, that we may not forget the value of our immortal souls, nor cease to remember that immortality dwells beyond the grave, is but one. He is call'd **JEHOVAH**, the **CREATOR**, the blessed and only **POTENTATE**, the **KING** of **Kings**, and the **LORD** of **Lords**. He was the **GOD** of **ADAM**, the first of men; the **GOD** of **ABRAHAM** our father; but the manner in which we worship him, whatever the proud may say, the pious among us acknowledge to be involv'd in obscurity. Yet it was prescrib'd by the **ETERNAL** himself, who can and will remove the veil. He is now removing it. **JESUS**, the great Prophet, the Worker of mighty miracles, the Messenger of the **MOST HIGH GOD**, whom with inexpressible joy, reverence, and astonishment, I call my Son, came to remove the veil. That I was to bear him, that his name was to be **JESUS**, that he was to redeem mankind, were reveal'd to me by a superior, and immortal being, call'd an angel; but though they are created like us, yet the deities of the

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Greeks, and of the formidable Romans, did they really exist, would be but as mortals, compar'd with these exalted spirits. When I brought forth the wonderful child, though mean was the place, an host of those bright immortal beings celebrated his nativity, with hymns of joy and triumph.

PORTIA now overcome by her amazement, lift up her join'd hands and her eyes towards Heaven, and sinking down on her knees, pray'd. She strove to pronounce the word JEHOVAH: but feeling a secret awe, which would not suffer her yet to presume to mention the tremendous name, she arose, and giving MARY a look of sympathetic sorrow, cry'd, He shall not die.

Ah he will! — he will! return'd MARY. Long has this thought clouded my life with grief and melancholy. For he himself, O PORTIA! hath said it. He is resolv'd to lay down his precious life: this appears to me, and to his pious disciples, most mysterious. — Ah now my wounded heart bleeds afresh! Thy divine

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vision begins to open upon my mind.—
May GOD—the GOD of ABRAHAM bless
thee!—but oh turn from me thy weep-
ing eyes!—In vain do thy tears, O POR-
TIA, speak comfort to my soul!—He is
determin'd to die!—to die!

Here her voice fail'd her. They now
turn'd aside from each other, and wept
in silence; till at length, as the dying faint
casts a last look at her friend, the ami-
able, the disconsolate mother, lift up her
head, and cast her swimming eyes on
PORTIA, who with answering look of
grief and tender sympathy, took her by
the hand, and said, O thou best of mo-
thers! thou most honourable among wo-
men! I will go with thee—I will mourn
with thee at the sepulchre of the dead!

While they thus interchang'd cordial
discourse, the high-priest, attended by the
multitude, hurry'd the great MESSIAH
to HEROD, whose stately palace already
rang with the cry, that PILATE was send-
ing JESUS of GALILEE, who had per-
form'd such mighty miracles to HEROD.
That prince immediately assembled his

courtiers ; and being seated, thus address'd them : The great affair shall this day be decided before me. I have carefully attended to the important things of which rumour has not been silent : his healing the sick with a word, and, with a word, his raising the dead. Yet his submitting to be a prisoner, amazes me no less than you. Thus he spake, but utter'd not all his thoughts. His heart was inflated with pride, and exulting in the idea, that his curiosity and vanity would now be gratify'd, he said to himself : The greatest of all our prophets must stoop to appear before me as a criminal. I shall be his judge ; and I will order him to perform some miracle. Should he comply, I shall have the pleasure of seeing it, and the honour of its being done at my command ; and should he not, still this celebrated prophet, before whom Israel has strew'd palms, and sung hosannas, will plead before me, as his judge.

HEROD's indulgence of these vain contemplations was interrupted by the priests, who, with loud and hasty steps, enter'd

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the hall. The benevolent Jesus was still among the multitude, who press'd around him. Now a thousand persons rush'd forward, endeavouring to see him: then other thousands. They storm'd, they rag'd. Some reproach'd him, and others wept. Some were fill'd with consternation; others curs'd; others bless'd him. The great MESSIAH walk'd amidst the tumult with silent resignation, rapt in ideas too great for the narrow powers of a meer human mind to conceive. He look'd forward, to the state of his pious followers after his decease, when the COMFORTER should pour raptures into their transported souls, and enlightening their understandings, lead them into all truth. Already were number'd their tears of joy, ere any of them were shed. Many of these, his faithful friends, were among the multitude, pressing towards him, to obtain his last blessing, while the crowding populace drove them back. Often did they renew their efforts; but they renew'd them in vain. Amidst these were the disciples; PETER, with heavy

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heart and languid eye, that in silent language spake his grief. Thou JOHN, and thou LEBBEUS, were also there, with NATHANIEL, and many of the seventy followers of the LORD. Among the crowd were also many of the female friends of CHRIST; MARY MAGDALEN, with MARY, the mother of the sons of ZEBEDEE; but not the sister of LAZARUS: she lay at the point of death. The first of these fair disciples was unable to repress the ardour of her soul; for seeing by her, one whose eyes the divine JESUS had open'd, fill'd with devout fervour, she cry'd aloud, Oh, if thou still rememberest the hour when he gave thee to behold the glorious light of the sun, and all this blaze of day, help me—oh help me!—convey me through this maddening crowd, that my eyes may once more see my LORD—that I may once more receive his last blessing!—Oh they will kill him!—they, cruel men, will murder my LORD! but in vain were her entreaties, in vain did the grateful man endeavour to assist her. Mean while PETER,

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dispirited by the anguish of his mind, at length desisted from all attempts to advance nearer to his gracious MASTER: but JOHN ascending an eminence, obtain'd a distant sight of the blessed SAVIOUR; and then, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, gave vent to his full heart in silent prayer. Mean while LEBBEUS, addressing himself to the other MARY, who, overpower'd with grief, cover'd her face, said, O thou mother of the son of ZEBEDEE ! happy parent, look up to Heaven, look up and smile ! How great is her grief who bore the spotless, the righteous, the divine JESUS ! Wherever I turn my eyes, methinks she appears before me ! I feel, I feel her sorrows ! I sympathize in the tender, the painful emotions of her melting soul—of her bursting heart ! Pity, Oh pity me, ye angels of death ! shorten her sorrows, and that she may not see her holy SON expire, Oh remove her to the world of peace and joy !

At length the future JUDGE OF THE WORLD enter'd HEROD's palace, and was led before that prince ; who, on his

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seeing him, was struck with amazement : amidst all the swellings of pride, he was astonish'd at beholding such dignity, such sedate composure. For some time he sat viewing him with a penetrating look, till his pride suppressing his amazement, he thus spake :

Thou Prophet, the fame of thy miracles has spread over the whole country, and has reach'd even my ears. Yet the voice of Fame, seldom representing things as they really are, generally says too much or too little. Shew me then what I am to think of the miracles she, perhaps, has too sparingly attributed to thee. Not that I doubt of thy having perform'd them : I would only see them perform'd, that I too may admire them. For as thou wert before ABRAHAM, so art thou greater than MOSES : greater than all the succeeding prophets. Well does it become thee, therefore, to exalt thyself above them by thy superior miracles. That thou mayst not hesitate in thy choice, I have selected some, all of a sublime nature, and worthy of thee. Yonder rises

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Moriah ; above which thou seest the roof of the temple, and its lofty glittering pinnacles ; Do thou say, Bow, ye pinnacles, and do homage to the Prophet. Within the temple lie the remains of DAVID, how would that holy king rejoice at the sight of Jerusalem ! With what amazement should we be fill'd at seeing him ! Call, therefore, O Prophet ! to the bones of the king, that he may fly from the dark and lonely tomb, and appear alive among us. But thou art silent. If neither of these please thee, speak to the waters of Jordan, saying, Arise, O Jordan ! turn thy limpid stream, and flow round Jerusalem ; defend her splendid towers, and then roll back thy waters to Genazereth. Or command Sion to rise nearer to Heaven, or to place its lofty summit on the top of Olivet, that the people may, with amazement, behold its far-projecting shade. Thus spake HEROD : without knowing to whom he directed his discourse. He knew not that both the aspiring mountain, and the proud tyrant of conquer'd nations, when com-

par'd with the humble, the divine JESUS, were no more than elevated dust.

HEROD now once more exclaim'd,
What still silent ! The MESSIAH then
beheld him with a look of awful dignity ;
which he mistaking for contempt, arose
full of wrath. When CAIAPHAS obser-
ving his passion, seiz'd the favourable mo-
ment, and leering on the MESSIAH, with
malignant sneer, thus spake :

Thou thyself great HEROD, seest what
kind of a prophet he is. Behold, when
thou demandest a miracle, he is silent !
Can he perform miracles ? The vulgar
imagine that he can, and we have some
weak men among the elders, who are of
the same opinion. Can he who, though
often admonish'd, has had the insolence
to oppose the covenant, and the law of
MOSES, be sent of GOD, and endu'd by
the great JEHOVAH with the power of
working miracles ? But his profanation
of the covenant deliver'd on SINAI, when
involv'd in smoak, amidst the terrors of
GOD, the summoning tempest, and the
sound of the trumpet, while MOSES was

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within the cloud on the trembling mountain, CAIAPHAS will avenge. But this is not all. He has pretended to be a King, and gathering all Judea around him has made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem. The people strew'd his path with the branches of the palm : they spread their apparel on the ground, crying, Hosanna to the son of DAVID, Hosanna to the King of Israel, Hosanna to the Blessed of God — Behold he comes, he comes in the name of the LORD ; strew palms ; pour forth your hosannas ; let hosannas resound through the highest Heavens. Sion echo'd back these seditious acclamations, and the portico on Moriah reverberated the sound. I, therefore, conjure thee by the ashes of the holy DAVID, by the shaken tomb, and the sacred remains of thy father HEROD the Great, to punish these impious profanations.

PHILO now smil'd on CAIAPHAS, though he was the object of his hatred ; while HEROD, with bitter mockery, order'd a white robe to be put upon JESUS, like those worn by the Romans when can-

didates for an office. PILATE added he, has judg'd rightly, and knowing his high merit, will inaugurate him as king, by adding to his hofannas and his palms, the purple and the crown.

HEROD spoke and withdrew. The guards of the prince then put a white garment on the holy JESUS, and having insulted him by their cruel mockery, he was sent back to PILATE. The multitude being now greatly increas'd, by the vast resort of people who came to celebrate the feast of the passover, JESUS was accompany'd by crowds innumerable, and every part of the city was throng'd by a wild concourse. This PHILO undaunted sees, just as a pilot on observing the approaching waves, rejoices in his skill, and in the buoyancy of the supporting flood. Though he knows that the people are still divided, and that many thousands are warmly attach'd to JESUS, he remains unmov'd, while his boundless ambition lifts his proud heart above the clouds. He assembles about him the Pharisees, hastily gives the word, and they as readily disperse.

themselves among the yielding crowd. Thus from the cup of a mortal foe poison flows, and every drop is death. The Pharisees haste to inflame the multitude, the many-tongu'd orators emulating his rancour, his eloquence, and specious blandishments; each according to his different disposition venting exclamations, reproaches or curses. Thus from different mouths resounded,

Think ye, that he has perform'd miracles?
HEROD' has ask'd for a miracle; but he ask'd in vain. Ye saw how mute he stood.—Accursed be he who vilifies our father ABRAHAM! Accursed be he whose whole life has been a profanation of the law!—Behold his accusers are the priests of the Most High GOD!—Has JEHOVAH sent to us one whom he abandons? He has abandon'd him—ye see him in bonds.—The heathens in his tryal are too mild, too merciful: They little know what an incendiary he is.—This day require the release of no prisoner: If ye do, his blind followers will attempt to obtain of the Romans his release: Then may the sin

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fall on your heads who give them the opportunity.—Men and brethren, ye are the holy people! for you shines the temple! for you the altars blaze! for you the flame of the offerings on the high altar rises up to Heaven! To you the dust of the prophets, to you the holy ashes of ABRAHAM, call for revenge! Come then and revenge the greatest of our fathers. By such exclamations, the Pharisees drew thousands to their side. Few stood neuter and suspended in doubt: Yet still some continued virtuous and faithful: These were thinly scatter'd amidst the multitude. Thus when a wild hurricane has laid waste the forests that cover the extended summits of the mountains, still stand a few solitary cedars supporting the agitated clouds.

In the meanwhile PILATE, in order to save JESUS, had caus'd a prisoner, who, before his being apprehended, had been the terror of the country, to be privately brought into the judgment hall, and the priests and people were no sooner return'd, than he was plac'd on an eminence, in

the open gallery call'd Gabbatha, and expos'd to their view. His glaring eyes roll'd : he bit his lips, and held his panting breath. Rage, not remorse, bow'd his bushy head ; and, shaking his naked nervous arm, he rattled his chains. On the right hand of this fell murderer, PILATE plac'd the divine REDEEMER. The assassin view'd him cloath'd in a white robe, when the idea that JESUS, or himself was to be immediately led to death, struck him like a fiery dart, and with anxious solicitude agitated his big swelling heart.

Now PILATE, pointing to the benevolent JESUS, said, Ye brought this man to me, for seducing the people from their allegiance to CÆSAR. I have heard him, but do not find that he is guilty of the charge ; neither does HEROD. I cannot therefore consent to his death. But as on your festival, I am to release unto you a prisoner, I will order him to be scourg'd, and then release him. Here he paus'd, but observing, that with dissatisfy'd looks they continu'd silent, he resum'd. But ye hear not reason—Tell me, which shall

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I deliver to you, this BARABBAS, a robber and a murderer, or JESUS, whom ye call the king of the Jews?

In the mean time PORTIA's messenger came to him, and said, The man whom thou judgest is a divine person: PORTIA therefore entreats thee not to condemn the righteous; for this morning it was the will of the Gods, that, on his behalf, she should suffer many things in a dream. PHILO was now alarm'd, especially when his emissaries coming in, let him know, that many of the people declared for JESUS. Suddenly were heard from afar the melancholy cries of those who had been deaf, lame, blind, and even dead, calling JESUS the holy, the benevolent, the divine friend of mankind; but the raging murmurs of the nearer crowd, stifled the sound of their exclamations and complaints; as the cries of an helpless child, in the midst of a forest, are drown'd by the bellowing storm: or as the wise instructions of the sage, are lost before the repetition of the sounding exploits of the great. PHILO was sensible of the danger

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of having his malevolent views render'd abortive. He knew PILATE's design in placing the murderer with the prophet, in the view of the people: but relying on his popularity, he, with an indignant air, left the Roman, proud of the chains, which, by his oratory, he could throw on the minds of the people, and stepp'd forth, while PILATE, with mingled contempt and anger, observ'd him from the seat of judgment.

PHILO made a sign to the people, and they were silent before him: he then with ardent look said: With but few words, ye men of Israel, can I this day address you. Ye know me. I hate the Despiser of MOSES. I curse him, who, whatever his soothing lips may pretend, curses MOSES by his life. From this disposition; from my zeal for our great prophet, I now come to lay before you felicity and destruction. Chuse, ye Israelites, chuse whether BARABBAS shall be saved, or JESUS. BARABBAS, we all know, is a murderer. PILATE also knows it, and did he not aim at inspiring you with a

misplac'd compassion, he would not have rais'd up him as a competitor for your favour with this JESUS, who would fascinate our minds with the specious semblance of innocence. But I shall not take upon me to penetrate into PILATE's designs. We are a conquer'd people, and it becomes us to be silent. But PHILO cannot conceal from you, ye Israelites, that ye stand on the brink of ruin, and, with grief, with anguish of heart I speak it, ye are perhaps inclin'd to chuse destruction. Yet the descendants of such great, such holy ancestors, shall not thus sink into perdition. This JESUS—How much should I have to say, were I to lay before you all his crimes! These I expos'd in their black, their true colours, in the assembly of your rulers. Then his life hung upon my voice—then they pronounc'd sentence of death against him, and already ought his blood to have stain'd the sacred stones—But we are not allow'd the power of putting any one to death—This JESUS (I shall only remind you of one out of a thousand of his crimes)—

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This Man of cruelty knows, that when he had fill'd up the measure of his seditions, the Romans would come and extirpate us all. Thousands stood around him, when he talk'd of the siege of this city, of the sinking state, of the temple of God being levell'd with the dust. So blinded were ye, that ye were fill'd with admiration. But he had no mercy on you. He foresees the miseries of Jerusalem: he knows that he, and he alone, is the cause of her approaching anguish, yet persists in his rebellious practices. He sees the smoak of the burning temple, which sinks on Moria, never more to rise. He sees the altar for burnt offerings thrown down. He beholds the stately Jerusalem weeping! she who sat as a queen among the cities, cover'd with ashes—bereav'd of her children—alas! they lie unbury'd! They lie expos'd, in the eye of day, turning to putrification! while the young, whom torturing anguish and devouring grief have spar'd, are seiz'd by the furious warrior, and their tender bones dash'd against the ruins of this their native city!

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—Alas ! no father sees them !—their fathers dy'd in the field of battle !—No mother weeps over them !—the mothers had long been consum'd by emaciating grief ! All this he sees—he sees void of pity, insensible to mercy !

He had no sooner ended, than the other priests shouted their assent, as a signal to the people. But little want was there of such dreadful, such malignant representations, to raise a tumult in their hearts, which their own vices had already implanted there.

PILATE, who had sat lost in thought, now again cry'd, Which of these two shall I deliver up to you ? Immediately BARABBAS ! was resounded from every side, with such fury, that the angels who encompass'd JESUS, trembling, turn'd aside their faces ; and BARABBAS ! BARABBAS ! was still the cry. At length PILATE's amazement being suppress'd by his indignation, he cry'd, What then shall I do with JESUS, your king. At this, stamping with fury, they bellow'd out, Crucify him ! crucify him ! The Roman

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once more endeavouring to calm their rage, added, But what is his crime? Nothing has he done worthy of death. At this their fury burst out with a more violent flame, which being still blow'd up by the voices of the enrag'd priests, the people, stammering, pale, and grinding their teeth, cry'd, with vengeful looks, Crucify him! crucify him! crucify him! Sion, and the forsaken temple on Moriah resounded with the noise, while their feet fill'd the air with dust.

PILATE seeing that all his endeavours to save JESUS were in vain, contrary to the spirit of a Roman, pass'd sentence upon him whom he had declar'd innocent. Struck with fear, he had before left the judgment seat, but now ascending it again, a slave, by his command, brought him a vessel of Corinthian brass, in which was a silver fountain, when making a sign to the people, they, with a mixture of perplexity and wonder, stood looking at him in silence. Then letting the water run from the fountain, PILATE solemnly

wash'd his hands before the multitude. The angel which once in ancient times pass'd over the dwellings in the land of Goshen, sparing those that were sprinkled with the blood of the lamb, now, arm'd with the terrors of God, hover'd over Judea, to devote the people to utter destruction, and fixing his eyes on the countenance of the divine MESSIAH, there perceiv'd their rejection, accompany'd with a tear. Then that angel of death began those words of the curse, which proclaim through Heaven the sentence of the SOVEREIGN JUDGE, when nations are ripe for destruction. His voice seem'd like the sound of earthquakes, the remote harbingers of death. Then he engrav'd the sentence on an iron tablet, and plac'd it on the JUDGE's throne.

PILATE, making a sign to the slave to retire, again address'd himself to the multitude, crying, Ye furious and inexorable men, I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it. Now the angel of Israel, trembling and pale, turn'd

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aside, and left the people. Then pronouncing sentence on themselves, they cry'd out, His blood be upon us and our children. Pale horror, sepulchral silence, and a cold shivering, follow'd the words: but not remorse.

Now PILATE having order'd the crowd to make way, they open'd to form a passage, and JESUS was taken into the judgment hall to be scourg'd, while BARABAS, being set at liberty, join'd the multitude. The savage murderer, on finding that he was free from his chains, shook himself, and leaping, shouted forth his obstreperous joy. He stood still; he was silent: he ran; he again stopp'd: the people trembled, and wherever he came, drove back. Yet PHILO gaz'd upon him with pleasure. He too would have gladly accompany'd the REDEEMER: but it not being lawful for him at that time to enter the judgment hall, he walk'd before the door, and often stopp'd to listen. With joy would he have seen his suffer-

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ings : with joy and triumph would he have heard the voice of his pain.

But, O thou muse of Sion ! who from the divine, the suffering REDEEMER, didst turn away thy face of grief, sing in mournful strains, the scourge, the reed, the purple mantle, and the crown !

The guard, a brutal band, assembling round him, rudely stripp'd off his garment. Thus in the parch'd desert, where no refreshing stream gladdens the plain, and dispenses fertility, the furious winds strip off the leaves from a solitary tree, that had oft afforded shelter to the faint and weary traveller. They then drag the LORD OF LIFE, and bind him to a pillar. The blood follows every stroke. The precious blood of the holy, the benevolent JESUS, in crimson streams fall down his back. Thou ELOA, at the dreadful sight, sunk down, and, with the humiliation of a mortal, lay prostrate in the dust. At length, laying aside the blushing scourge, and loosing him from the pillar, on his

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shoulders they hang a purple robe ; in his hand they put a reed, and press upon his drooping head an encircling crown of thorns, from which the drops of blood fall trickling round. Then bowing with insulting mockery—But the trembling harp drops from my feeble hand, and my faltering voice in vain attempts to sing all the sufferings of the eternal SON.

PILATE seeing the calmness with which the divine, the humble JESUS bore pain and insult, once more endeavour'd to fill the people with the commiseration he himself felt, and, giving a sign to the REDEEMER, went out of the judgment hall, follow'd with faint and feeble step by the patient all-gracious SUFFERER. The multitude seeing them coming, again press'd forward, till PILATE, having commanded silence, cry'd aloud, Ye men of Israel, I bring him out once more, to inform you, that he has done nothing worthy of death. Then JESUS advancing nearer, they had a full view of him in his purple robe and bloody crown. PILATE now stretching

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out his hand, and looking first on Jesus, and then on them, in a compassionate accent, cry'd, Behold the Man ! At this instant the great REDEEMER gave orders to the angels, which, trembling, hover'd round him : for his divine looks needed not words to express to them their meaning : they instantly read this gracious command, Give to my disciples, and all my faithful followers, internal and celestial consolations, when I on the uplifted cross shall bleed, shall die, and lie among those that sleep in death !

PILATE was still desirous of impressing the minds of the people with sentiments of compassion : but soon they shew'd their insensibility to all the tender feelings of humanity : while the clamours of the cruel priests were a constant prelude to the loud cry of, Crucify him ! crucify him ! At length, being fill'd with indignation, PILATE hastily answer'd, Take him away then, and crucify him : for I find no fault in him, and then, angrily turning from them, went away.

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CAIAPHAS, now hasting after the Roman, said, O PILATE ! we have a law, and by that law he ought to die, because he has made himself the SON OF GOD. At hearing the words, the SON OF GOD, PILATE trembled, and taking JESUS back to the judgment hall, with anxious solicitude, cry'd, Tell me, whence art thou ? JESUS made no answer, at which the governor being offended, said, Speakest thou not to me ? Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify, and power to release thee ? Then the MESSIAH calmly answer'd, No power couldst thou have against me, were it not given thee from above, therefore they that deliver'd me to thee have the greater sin.

PILATE then went back to the assembled people, when reading, in his resentful gestures, the motives to his return, they cry'd aloud, If thou, O PILATE ! releasest this man, thou art not CÆSAR's friend——Whosoever maketh himself a king, rebels against CÆSAR. The governor provok'd, and struck with double

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fear, wanted the resolution to support his dignity ; and only answer'd with mockery and a contemptuous sneer, What, shall I crucify your king ? On which the chief priests hastily reply'd, We have no king but CÆSAR.

Now the multitude surrounded the divine JESUS, and proudly in savage triumph led him to death, while the pusillanimous Roman withdrew into his palace.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Book VII

THE

EIGHTH BOOK

OF THE

MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

ELOA comes from the throne of God, and proclaims that now the REDEEMER is led to death, on which the angels of the earth form a circle round Mount Calvary, also nam'd Golgotha. Then, having consecrated that hill, he worships the MESSIAH. GABRIEL conducts the souls of the fathers from the sun to the Mount of Olives, and ADAM addresses the earth. SATAN and ADRAMELECH, hovering in triumph, are put to flight by ELOA. JESUS is nail'd to the cross. The thoughts of ADAM. The conversion of one of the malefactors. URIEL places a planet before the sun, and then conducts to the earth the souls of all the future generations of mankind. EVE, seeing them coming, addresses them. ELOA ascends to Heaven. EVE is affected at seeing MARY. Two angels of death fly round the cross. EVE addresses the SAVIOUR, and the souls of the children yet unborn.

T H E
M E S S I A H.

B O O K V I I I .

C O M E thou who, on Sion's sacred mount, hast oft beheld the most holy of the high celestial choir : thou who from him hast learn'd what the eternal SPIRIT taught, now sing the dying SAVI-OUR, the greatest of the dead. Come, O muse of Sion ! divine instructress ! come—trembling thyself, lead thy trembling votary—lead me to the awful crucifixion. Fill'd with holy terror, I would see the expiring REDEEMER ; behold his fix'd eyes, his pallid cheek, his open wounds, his precious blood !——Ah ! he faints, he bleeds, he reclines his drooping head ! he bleeds, he faints, his eyes are clos'd in darkness, speechless is he who

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form'd the tongue, and dead is the LORD
OF LIFE !

From the presence of the ALMIGHTY
FATHER, ELOA darted down with flight
more swift than rays of light, beaming
from the bright orb of day : even the
immortals could scarce discern his rapid
course. In his left hand he held a celestial
crown, and in his right a golden trumpet,
from which he breath'd heavenly notes,
while all the spheres join'd their harmony.
Then the exalted seraph sang, in strains
mellifluous and sublime ;

Rejoice, ye sons of Heaven, rejoice !
and all ye celestial spirits, whether seated
on the flaming suns, or encompassing the
throne of the great OMNIPOTENT, join,
with soft commiseration and exalted joy,
to celebrate the great Sabbath of redeem-
ing love. Join all ye spirits in wonder
and in praise. Rejoice, the hour is come
—the gloomy hour, in which the LORD
OF LIFE will die for man. The gracious
victim is already on his way. Join all ye
heavenly hosts, in rapturous strains, to ce-
brate his love to man.

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His voice spread through the Heavens.
The blessed spirits had already anticipated
the awful, the joyful sound. ELOA in-
stantly hover'd over Mount Calvary,
while the angels of the earth hasten'd
round him. He call'd, and about him
they form'd a radiant circle, close ar-
rang'd, extending far and wide. Then,
leaving the centre of this resplendent
ring, he descended on the top of the
mount. Thrice, with awful reverence,
he bow'd his face to the dust, then stand-
ing erect, extended his hands, and cast his
eyes down on the MESSIAH, who, amidst
insulting crowds, was slowly moving to-
wards Calvary, groaning under the weight
of the ponderous cross. Then ELOA
stretch'd out his arms over the mount,
crying, Hear, ye Heavens, and rejoice!
Thou Hell give ear and tremble! In the
name of the all-gracious FATHER, whose
sovereign goodness laid the plan of mercy;
in that of the great, the suffering RE-
DEEMER, who, full of benignity and soft
compassion, is coming here to bleed and
die, and in that of the HOLY SPIRIT,

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the Sanctifier, the Comforter, of repentant sinners, by whom they shall be led into all-truth, thee, O mount, I consecrate for the death of the SON. Holy, holy, holy is he who was, and is, and is to come !

Thus did ELOA consecrate the mount, while over-powering amazement dimm'd the effulgence of the great immortal, who now seeing the SON OF MAN near the mount, bending with tottering step, under the galling cross ; a heavy burthen for shoulders torn by cruel stripes ! he prostrated himself on the parch'd grass, and with folded hands, thus pour'd out his soul.

O thou who drawest near to thy altar, to die the most ignominious, and therefore the most astonishing, the most glorious of all deaths ! Thou FRIEND of Man, CREATOR, yet CHILD of Bethlehem, born of a race doom'd to the grave !—Thou weapest, while to thee we sing triumphant hymns. Thou humblest thyself so low as to suffer on Golgotha. The heavenly host are lost in wonder,

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while rapt in the contemplation of thy love to man. O SON!—SON of GOD! the born, the incarnate MESSIAH! once immortal! the ACCOMPLISHER of all that is most amazing, highest, best!—of all that is most glorious! most admirable! most divine! the RESTORER of innocence! the LAMB of GOD, which taketh away the sins of the world! the REVIVER of the dead! the DESTROYER of death everlasting! the JUDGE of the earth! Hear my lowly supplications, attend to the voice that addrest thee from the dust on which thou art to bleed. O thou SAVIOUR of man, when thine eyes fail, when the paleness of death overspreads thy face, when the Heavens shall trembling pass away, and the sun withdraw his light, then from the overshadowing night, in which thy life departs, strengthen me, O thou great ACCOMPLISHER of the redemption of man!—strengthen me, that I, helpless, trembling, and forlorn, may not sink among the sepulchres of the earth—and when in the hovering twilight, the convuls'd creation shall appear to swim be-

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fore my disorder'd sight, may I see thee
 expire? O death of the SON, how near
 dost thou approach! From the first who
 became mortal, till the last of the race of
 ADAM, the happy influences of thy death,
 O thou MESSIAH! shall extend, and all
 arise at the sound of the last trump. Hail,
 ye redeem'd, who shall come rejoicing,
 having wash'd your robes, and made them
 white in the blood of the LAMB!

ELOA now arose, and around Calvary
 marshall'd the angels of the earth in wide
 extended circles. They assembled on low
 and floating clouds, that cover'd the broad
 summit of the mountain, or hover'd in
 deep contemplation above the cedars,
 moving with their waving tops. He him-
 self stood on a pinnacle of the temple. A
 mighty host encompass'd the mount: these
 were the dispensers of the providence of
 the OMNIPOTENT. Here were the an-
 gels of death and of judgment, the guar-
 dians of mankind, and of the future Chris-
 tians, who, when they have the care of the
 martyrs, have the chief place at his throne,
 for whom the palm-bearing martyrs die.

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Mean while GABRIEL, whom the divine SUFFERER had sent to the sun, alighted at URIEL's residence, and standing before the souls of the parents of mankind, thus address'd them :

Draw near ye parents of the human race, and behold your SAVIOUR. Here, with his trembling right hand, he directed their sight, and then added : The REDEEMER is dragging his cross ; near the foot of that hill, the hill of death ! On its summit, ye shall behold him bleeding on that torturing cross for you, and for your children !—O ye redeem'd ! he goes—he hastens to prepare eternal life for generations yet unborn !

Thus with extasy spake the seraph, and then flew towards the earth. Silent with mingled grief and joy the human spirits follow : they haste : their celerity can only be surpass'd by the ideas of the devout soul ranging with holy rapture from star to star. GABRIEL led the radiant band, and now their gliding feet tread the Mount of Olives, on which ADAM

alighting first, sunk down, and kiss'd the earth.

O earth ! maternal land ! said he, do I again behold thee ! How many ages are pass'd away, since at my death, or rather at my revival to a noble, a better life, thou receiv'dst my frail cumbrous body into thy peaceful bosom ! Never since that awful—happy moment have I trod on thy surface. Thy bosom is now fill'd with the remains of my offspring. I salute thee, O earth ! I salute you, ye remains of the dead, my children. Ye shall awake ! Yes, my dear children, ye shall awake ! The hours approach that shall deliver the earth from the curse brought upon it by my sin, and at length your dust, my children, rising, shall bless the gracious SAVIOUR, who now dies for you and me. Behold the incarnate MESSIAH, the earth-born CREATOR comes !—Behold he comes to die—to die for you !

Thus spake the first of men ; then silently looking towards Calvary, a heavenly melancholy, a sacred awe, began

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to tremble through his whole ethereal frame.

On the temple stood ELOA, whence he descry'd the crowd of happy human souls that descended with GABRIEL. Then turning his face, he perceiv'd on high over the cross, SATAN and ADramelech wheeling about with looks of wild exultation: SATAN transported with the work he should soon accomplish, and both pleas'd with the thoughts of future deeds, productive of misery. He sees them above the clouds of the moving earth, with immense circuits, measuring the vast empyreal vault. ELOA, now vested in his full glory, rises from the temple towards the immortal offenders, array'd in all the lustre of this most solemn day, this highest festival, and surrounded by the terrors of the MOST HIGH. Before him light breezes became bellowing storms, and his progress was as the march of an army, under whose feet the rocks tremble. The mighty sound, and no less awful effulgence of the celestial spirit, proclaim'd his approach. The apostates saw and heard him coming;

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they strove, but strove in vain, to conceal their confusion: they stopp'd, and became still of more sable hue. So in the abyss of the lowest Hell stand two rocks, cover'd with the darkeſt nocturnal gloom. Then with one ſtroke of his extended wings, the ſeraph reach'd the ſpirits accurs'd, and thus, with commanding voice, he ſpoke: Ye whoſe names are mention'd in the abyſs, be gone. Ye ſee the luminous circle of the pure, the exalted immortals; fly, and free the ſacred place from your profane preſence. The extent of the moſt diſtant radiance of the bleſs'd ſhall indicate your limits: within the compaſs of their beams, preſume not either to ſoar above the clouds, or to creep along the duſt of the earth.

Thus the ſeraph deliver'd his commands. But as when two ſtorms deſcend in black clouds on two of the mountains of the Alps, the rapid thunder burſts in their boſoms, and rolls through the winding valleys; ſo the proud infernal ſpirits prepare to answer ELOA. All the terrors of rage, all the rancour of revenge, gather

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in the wrinkles of their brows, and flash from their flaming eyes: but ELOA beholding them with majestic look, and stedfast gaze, check'd the thunder ere it burst, crying, with a commanding voice, Be ye silent—fly—Did I come with that triumphant strength with which I am endu'd by the OMNIPOTENT, my thunder, hurl'd from this uplifted arm, should drive ye beyond the bounds of the wide creation. But I come in the name of the SON of ADAM, who there bears his cross; and in the name of that Conqueror of Hell and Death, command you to fly. They fled: but first chang'd blacker than the gloom of midnight, and were pursu'd by terrors, which drove them aside among the ruins of Gomorrah in the Dead Sea. With joy the angels and the souls of the blessed saw their disgraceful flight, while ELOA, array'd in all his glory, descended on one of the pinnacles of the temple.

The holy JESUS was come to the hill of death, when, faint with suffering and fatigue, he sunk under the burthen of the cumbersome cross. The blood-thirsty mul-

titude then forc'd a fearful traveller, who
 had just descended the declivity, to bear
 the cross. Among those who follow'd,
 some soft and gentle minds, free from rage,
 beheld him with compassion, and lamen-
 ted his fate; yet their hearts, being at-
 tach'd to vanity, scarcely did they know
 whom they pity'd. This sorrow, fleet-
 ing and transitory as a morning dream,
 arose from no generous sensation of the
 soul. JESUS heard their lamentations,
 and, turning towards them, said, Why
 do ye weep, O ye daughters of Jerusa-
 lem? Weep not for me: but weep for
 yourselves, and for your children: for the
 day of distress and anguish approaches;
 the dreadful day, when they shall say,
 Blessed are the barren! the womb that
 never bare, and the breast that never gave
 suck! Then will they say to the moun-
 tains, fall on us, and to the hills, cover us.
 For if this be done to me, what shall be
 done to the sinner?

Having at length reach'd the summit of
 the hill, JESUS lifts up his eyes to the
 SOVEREIGN JUDGE. Meanwhile the exe-

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cutioners take the cross, and set it up among the bones of the dead. Now the solemn day shines with fainter light; yet still the smallest of the animal creation sport in the extended fields of vital air. Soon the earth gently trembles thro' its depths profound; whirling storms sweep along its defac'd surface, and howl through its hollow caverns: the cross shakes, and near it stands the PRINCE OF PEACE.

ADAM on perceiving him, could no longer contain his transports: with glowing cheek, and hair flying back, he ran to the outer slope of the mountain: then sunk to the earth, while the celestial radiance, which beam'd from his immortal eyes, was dimm'd. He lay dissolv'd in tears of joy, and love, and gratitude, which were mingled with a flood of sorrow and amazement. While all these passions, in pleasing confusion, rush'd upon his soul, his thoughts burst into speech, and the angelic circle heard his suppliant voice, when casting his eyes around, he thus spake:

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O thou SON! thou SAVIOUR! RE-DEEMER! LORD! the immortals mourn, when absorb'd in thy love, they, with silent admiration, mention thy thousand thousand glories, thus eclips'd — thus brighten'd by thy sufferings! Ah I call thee SON, then struck with wonder, pause and weep with them! JESUS my SON!—rapture is in the thought! Whither—Oh whither shall I retire to bear the pleasing—joyful—grief of this inexpressible salvation? CHRIST JESUS my SON!—O ye angels who were before me, yet not before him, look down—with wonder and amaze, look down on my SON! Thee, O earth, I bless, and thee, O dust, from which I was form'd!—O joy!—thou plenitude of joys eternal, that fill all the desires of the immortals! Oh the great, the profound, the heavenly plan! It was thine, O JEHOVAH!—thine was the glorious, the gracious plan of redemption! thy loving-kindness and compassion exceed the ideas of the rapt seraph!—and thou, O JESUS! didst leave the splendor that surrounds thy throne,

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and all the pure, the refin'd, the ineffable delights of Heaven, to descend to earth—to become my Son—to redeem my offspring from the power of sin—to perfect redemption for man, by obtaining a glorious victory over temptations, sufferings, and death ! Thus dost thou bruise the serpent's head. Rejoice, O my immortal soul ! in the wonders of his love—eternal praises are due to him, who by his sufferings and death, for us procures eternal felicity ! Stand still, ye immortal souls, and wondering, behold this abyss—this wide abyss of joy ! What, ye Heavens, are the moments of a mortal life to the joys of immortality ? Yet each of these is divine—each moment when well employ'd, bears on its rapid wings eternal repose ! This shall I—this shall you, my children, enjoy ! Lend me your voice, ye celestial spirits, that through the whole creation I may aloud proclaim, that the great REDEEMER is now entering the shadow of death. Arise mankind from the squalid earth—arise, lift up your heads ; come and wash your souls in tears of pity, love,

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and joy ! The MESSIAH, your CREA-
TOR ! BROTHER ! FRIEND ! is on the
verge of the opening grave. Ye, my
children, are his beloved ; for you he
dies ! Come all ye my children to your
dying REDEEMER—ye who dwell in pa-
laces roof'd with gold, lay down your
crowns and come—Ye cottagers leave
your lowly hurdled huts, and come. Alas !
they hear not my voice—they hear not
the voice of love—O thou who offerest
thyself a willing sacrifice, let me, with
overflowing gratitude, forever admire thy
condescending love. Complete—oh com-
plete, thou gracious SUFFERER, the
mighty work. And now—But ah ! what
inexpressible melancholy rushes upon my
heart !—What sympathetic sorrow pene-
trates the deep recesses of my soul ! Now,
O JESUS ! thou enterest the dismal path
of death ! Strengthen, O ETERNAL FA-
THER ! me, the first of sinners, who have
already seen corruption, that with melting
soul, I may behold my SON, my LORD,
die—die for repenting sinners !

ADAM was silent. In the mean time

the mighty, the humble SUFFERER approach'd nearer to the cross, and lifting up his hand, held it before his face, then bowing low, said what no angel heard, nor no creature understood: but JEHOVAH from his lofty throne, now environ'd with sable clouds answer'd. The words of the MOST HIGH reach'd the distant limits of the wide expanse of Heaven, and the throne of judgment trembled. The executioners came up to the REDEEMER: then all the worlds, with wide extended roar, stopp'd at the points of their orbits, whence they were to proclaim the redemption. They stood still: the thunder of the poles dy'd away, and sunk into silence: silent was the whole motionless creation, shewing to all under Heaven the hour of sacrifice. Thou also, O world of sinners and of graves, stood still! Now the angels, array'd in all their unfading glories, look'd down. JEHOVAH himself look'd down, and supported the sinking earth: he look'd down on JESUS, whom, with barbarous hands, they nail'd to the cross.

As when almighty death overspreads the creation, and throughout a world corruption silent sleeps, no living being standing on the dust of the dead; so, in solemn silence, the angels, and thine Omnipotent FATHER, O crucify'd JESUS! look'd on thee. When thy blood first started forth from thy hands and feet, then the amazement of the seraphim grew too strong for silence: they burst into mingled sounds of exultation and mourning. Now were the Heavens fill'd with new adorations. Once more, and again once more, ELOA cast his wondering eyes on the bleeding JESUS; and then, with a dignity with which he had never appear'd to any of the immortals, in an extasy of admiration, he flew into the Heaven of Heavens, and with a voice that resembled the sound made by the stars in their circular courses, cry'd, The blood of the SAVIOUR flows! Then flying into the immense abyss, he repeated, The blood of the SAVIOUR flows! He next, with more calm astonishment, bends his

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course to the earth. As he return'd thro' the region of creation, he saw the archangels on the suns; worshipping they stood, while from their golden altars a flame arose, like the crimson blush of the morning, and ascended to the JUDGE's throne. Beneath, through the wide creation, sacrifices blaz'd, as types of the bleeding sacrifice on the cross. Thus the seventy elders of God's chosen people saw on Sinai the appearance of the glory of the MOST HIGH: or thus arose the sacred cloud, and pillar of fire from the tabernacle, to guide the people on their way.

Still the god-like SAVIOUR bleeds; and looking down with divine benignity and grace on the people of Judea, who were crowded together in one great throng from Jerusalem to the cross, he meekly cry'd, FATHER forgive them; for they know not what they do!

Silent amazement accompany'd the voice of love through the crowded multitude. They lift up their faces to the bleeding REDEEMER, and beheld him

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overspread with a deadly paleness. This was all that mortal eyes could see. The souls of the pious dead saw diviner, more mysterious things. They observ'd his struggling life, which Death could not destroy, had not he borne a commission from the SUPREME SOVEREIGN OF ALL. They perceiv'd what convulsive terrors shook his mortal frame, while forsaken by his Almighty FATHER, he hung on the lofty cross! How great the salvation procur'd by those purple streams! What love and compassion were shewn by his bearing his cruel wounds! Behold, he lifts up his eyes to Heaven, seeking ease from pain! but no ease he found, every moment repeated the most dreadful death. With him, as a farther debasement, were crucify'd two malefactors, one on his right hand, the other on his left. Of these, one an obdurate sinner, grown grey in guilt, turning his sullen distorted face to the MEDIATOR, cry'd, If thou be CHRIST, save thyself and us, and come down from the accursed tree.

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The other criminal was in all the vigour of blooming youth; he was not abandon'd, though he had been seduc'd by sin; and now rising superior to his tortures, he boldly reprov'd his fellow sufferer, crying, Ah, dost thou not fear God, when death—when condemnation are so near? What we suffer, alas! we suffer justly for our crimes; but this man, added he, looking on JESUS, has committed no crime. Then writhing his body towards the REDEEMER, he strove to shew his veneration, by lowly bowing his head. The effort tore his lengthening wounds, and the blood gush'd forth in larger streams; but disregarding the pain, and the streaming blood, bending still lower, he cry'd, LORD, remember me, when thou enterest into thy kingdom.

The MEDIATOR, with a divine smile, beaming benignity and grace, look'd on the agonizing sinner, and, with a gentle voice, reply'd, This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise. With devout trembling the malefactor heard the reviving words, which thrill'd through his soul.

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With blissful extasy his eyes, which swam
in tears of joy, remain'd fix'd on the di-
vine SUFFERER, the FRIEND of man,
and till his faltering speech began to fail,
he attempted, in broken sentences, to ex-
press his new and exalted sensations, the
delightful foretaste of eternal felicity.
What was I? Oh what am I now? cry'd
he, with a look of transport, that ban-
nish'd from his face the traces of pain.
Such misery before, and now such joy!
Oh this extatic tremor!—these sweet—
these rapturous sensations! What dawning
felicity breaks in upon my soul!
Who is he that hangs next me on the cross?
Is he a pious, a just, a holy Prophet?—
He is much more—ah, much more—
surely he is the SON of GOD, the MES-
SIAH, sent from Heaven! His kingdom
then is far—far exalted above the earth!
O ye men and angels, this is the pro-
mis'd MESSIAH! Yet how deeply does he
humble himself! He stoops to suffer this
painful death!—he stoops still lower—he
stoops to save me! How incomprehen-
sible! Oh be thou ever belov'd by me,

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while, lost in wonder, I cannot comprehend this grace! Greater art thou than the highest angel; for, surely an angel could not thus have transform'd my soul—could not, with secret rapture, have rais'd it to GOD! Yes, thou art the divine MESSIAH, and thine—thine I shall be forever!

Thus he spake, and then hung absorb'd in silent rapturous astonishment. Whenever he cast up his eyes towards Heaven, or on the extended earth, all seem'd to smile. The peace of GOD had rested upon him. At a glance from the REDEEMER one of the seraphim hastily left the circle which encompass'd Calvary, and stood under the cross. The import of the divine look was, Thou seraph bring the redeem'd to me, after his death. He instantly return'd to the angelic circle. This was the invincible ABDIEL, who by the appointment of the MOST HIGH was now an angel of death, and kept the gate of hell. Instantly troops of other angels surrounded him, and ask'd what was his commission? ABDIEL with transport answer'd, I re-

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ceiv'd orders, after the death of that criminal, to conduct him to the MESSIAH, who hath given him salvation. The delightful task fills me with sweetest joy. The more I think of my commission, the more am I inebriated with bliss. A sinner is deliver'd, and deliver'd in the hour when the gracious SAVIOUR is bleeding—is dying for man! To conduct this purify'd soul, thus prepar'd for Heaven, to its REDEEMER, is a delightful task! Congratulate me, O ye angels! on the blissful office.

HERE the transported seraph ceas'd. URIEL, the angel of the sun, had long stood prepar'd for his progressive flight; and now the time was come for executing the commands he had receiv'd. Radiant he arose, and proceeded through the Heavens with steady wing, to a remote planet, which the OMNIPOTENT had order'd him to place before the sun, that the life of the divine REDEEMER might expire under a more awful covert than that of the night. Already the seraph stood over the pole of the star—of that star where dwell the souls

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who, before their birth, are remov'd into the momentary mortal life of probation. There **URIEL** look'd down on the souls of future generations, and calling the star by its immortal name, thus spake.

Adamida, he who has assign'd thee thy station, commands thee to leave thine orbit, and to place thyself opposite to that sun, then soaring upwards, thou art to shroud his light.

The heavenly orbs heard the commanding voice reverberate from the mountains of Adamida. The star tremulous turn'd its thundering poles, and the whole creation resounded, when, with terrific haste, Adamida, in obedience to the divine command, flew amidst overwhelming storms, rushing clouds, falling mountains, and swelling seas. **URIEL** stood on the pole of the star, but so lost in deep contemplation on Golgotha, that he heard not the wild tumultuous roar. Its progress was like that of the thunder. Now, O sun! it had reach'd thy region. At the sight of the new solar orb, the tender human souls were fill'd with astonishment, and rais'd

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themselves above the planet's ascending clouds. Adamida then slacken'd her course, and advanc'd before the disk of the sun, imbibing his remotest beams.

The earth was silent at the descending twilight, and as the gloom increas'd, deeper was the silence. Terrifying shades and palpable darkness came on. The birds ceas'd their notes, and sought the thickest groves: the very insects hurry'd to their retreats, and the wild beasts of the desarts fled to their lonely dens. A death-like silence reign'd through the air. The human race, standing aghast, look'd up to Heaven. The darkness became still more dark. What a night in the midst of day! The intercepting planet had, to all human eyes, extinguish'd the sun! How terrifying the awful night which thus involv'd in sable darkness the extended fields, and was render'd doubly terrible by this solemn silence!

But JESUS, amidst the terrifying gloom, hung unterrify'd on the hidden cross; while the sweat of death trickled down with his dying blood, thou earth wast astonish'd. Not more dismay'd stands an affectionate

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friend by the grave of the worthy object of his esteem, snatch'd from him in early youth: or the warm admirer of virtue at the moulder'd marble tomb of the patriot, while, with abstractive attitude, he dwells on the sacred ruins. With no dry eye he mourns, grief and soft concern excite emotions that shake his whole frame, and raise a tempest in his sympathizing soul. In such dismay thou, O earth, then lay, and thus didst shake. The foundations of Golgotha quak'd: the darken'd cross trembled, and widen'd the wounds of the divine SUFFERER, while his life issu'd forth in larger streams. Tremendous night wrapt in a sable shroud the hill of death, the temple, and thee also, O Jerusalem. The very angels observ'd their pure splendor, as the light of the grey evening, became pale and dim. Now stood the multitude, fix'd by deep-rooted horror, wildly gazing towards the cross. Dreadfully flow'd the sacred blood, by them unjustly shed. On them it came, and on their children. Fain would they have turn'd aside their faces; but irresistibly impell'd by terror, their eyes were con-

tinually directed towards the bloody cross.

URIEL, having still another command to execute, descended from the pole of fix'd Adamida, to the unborn souls on its surface. They saw the celestial intelligence approach ; already were they in bodies of the human form, though of an ethereal texture, ting'd with the gay splendor of a ruddy evening cloud. Follow me, said ITHURIEL : I come from the great ETERNAL, to take you to yonder earth, overshadow'd by the world on which you live. Ye shall see the SAVIOUR of man—your SAVIOUR : but yet ye know him not. A remote beam of immortal felicity will dart upon you. Follow me ye, blessed, who, when born, will become candidates for immortal life, and all the joys of Heaven.—Come and behold the awful solemnity. To him who now dies on the cross, every knee shall at length bow, and every tongue confess that he is LORD and REDEEMER.

The conducting spirit extended his wings, and flew encompass'd by the souls. As when the pious sage, fond of meditation, and high celestial converse, hastes by moon-

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light into a lonely wood, there in devout raptures to contemplate on thee, O thou INFINITE and SUPREME ! while a thousand new, enlarg'd, and sublime ideas crowd on his glowing mind : so amidst the souls, the transported seraph, rapt in thought, speeds his way, and draws near to the earth.

The progenitors of mankind saw the numberless band coming in the high dusky clouds : myriads of myriads of immortals ; a majestic train of thinking beings, that have existed ever since the creation ! Now for the first time the mother of men, astonish'd, turn'd from the cross her attentive eye. The children come—they come ! all the unborn—the Christians come ! Thus spake the general mother to the father of men. But soon she again fix'd her eyes on the bloody cross, adding, These are my immortals !—But ah, by what name do they call thee, O thou who bleedest, who dyest for them ? With what hosannas shall they hymn thee, thus disfigur'd with wounds ? Oh that you, ye children of salvation !—ye Christians ! were now born ; that

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thousands and thousands of weeping mothers led you to the cross ! Oh that you already knew the most holy of those born of women ; him who when he first enter'd this mortal state, wept at Bethlehem—But O ADAM ! they will know him, they will know the dear SAVIOUR, the SON of the ETERNAL ! But as the flower whose stalk is broken by the boisterous wind, hangs its still beauteous head and dies, so some of you, my beloved children, will fall by the murderous sword of persecution ; and hanging your heads, will smile in death. You happy martyrs, your mother congratulates. Ye are the chosen, the exalted witnesses of the greatest and most important of all deaths. Oh ye glorious sufferers for the cause of truth, of virtue, of your REDEEMER ! Your pale and hollow cheeks, and all the look of languor, will assume the soft blush of celestial beauty : Your wounds will shine with resu'gent splendor : your dying groans be chang'd to sweetest strains of heavenly harmony, and rapturous songs of joy and triumph.

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The divine JESUS now lifting up his eyes, fill'd with celestial love, beheld the unborn souls: his look drew forth a sacred tear on every cheek, and each soul trembling with holy awe, felt new sensations.

Now the colour of life instantaneously flush'd on the face of the dying JESUS; but as instantaneously vanish'd, never to return: his faded cheeks became sunk, and his head hung on his breast: with difficulty he rais'd it up towards Heaven; but unable to sustain its weight, soon it dropp'd. The pendant sky form'd an arch round Golgotha, more silent and dreadful than the sepulchral vault, and sable clouds of wide extent hung over the cross. In an instant the silence ceas'd, and a noise usher'd in by no murmuring sound, suddenly burst from the earth, with a roar so tremendous, that the sepulchres of the dead, and the pinnacles of the temple shook. This was the forerunner of a tempest, which, rushing on the lofty cedars, tore them up by the roots, and made the towers of Jerusalem

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quake. Then loud thunder roll'd through the sky, and the deafning clap bursting over the Dead Sea, its affrighted waters foam'd, and the heavens and the earth trembled.

Instantly ELOA form'd a great and bold resolution, and no sooner was it conceiv'd than put in execution. He resolv'd to see face to face the great JEHOVAH, in all his tremendous glory. Thrice he bow'd before the adorable victim, then hasted towards Heaven. Quick he ascended to the path enlighten'd by suns, but scarce knew the celestial way, so obscur'd was it by hovering mists. At the distance of seven suns beyond the entrance, he met two angels of death, with their faces veil'd. He view'd them with astonishment, but, without stopping, continu'd his flight up to the highest Heaven.

Silence, with steady foot, again stood on the earth, again the gloom began to disperse, and the unborn, the human race, and the dead, speechless gaz'd on the REDEEMER. Meanwhile our general mother, with soothing Melancholy, now her

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sweet companion, view'd her Son, the
divine SAVIOUR, under his lingering
death. On beholding him, her eyes were
sometimes dim'd by obscuring affliction,
and soft sympathetic sorrow, and some-
times lost the power of sight. The MES-
SIAH now downward bent his looks on a
fair mortal, whom with fix'd regard he
view'd, while she with drooping head,
and a countenance pale and mournful,
trembling, stood at the foot of the cross,
involv'd in silent sorrow: her eyes fix'd by
grief on the ground, shed no tears; for
the kind relief of those heart-easing drops
was now withheld. This, said the first
of women, can be no other than the SA-
VIOUR's mother—Ah, she is—thy grief,
O my daughter, tells me that thou art
she who bore thy LORD and mine.—
Thou art MARY. What thou now
feel'st, I felt for my dear murder'd ABEL,
when he lay breathless, with his own
blood distain'd—How I pity thee!—thy
grief equals what I then felt, O thou ten-
der mother of my dear dying JESUS!
Thus to herself she spake, while, with an

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affectionate look, her eyes hung on MARY: nor yet had they left her belov'd daughter, had not two angels of death, with awful, solemn flight, approach'd from the east. Silent, and slow they came. Their look was like that of a flaming fire. Destruction sat in their faces, and their vesture was the gloom of night. Thus they mov'd to the hill of the cross. Sent by the SUPREME LORD, they drew near, and so tremendous was their appearance, that the souls of the progenitors of the human race sunk nearer to the earth. As far as those who have left their earthly tabernacles, can lose themselves in the thoughts of the grave, they now approach'd the verge of mortality, and images of death, with the terrors of sepulchral corruption, hover'd round the immortals.

The angel of death standing on the hill, face to face, view'd the dying SAVIOUR, then one rising to the right, and the other to the left, with sounding pinions, seven times flew round the cross. Two wings cover'd their feet, two trembling wings

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their faces, and with two they flew. These, when expanded, sent forth groans and sighs, and sounds of death. Thus to the man of humanity, resounds the field of battle, where thousands lie swimming in blood : with horror he turns away, and flying from the groans of one, his ears are struck with the groans of another. Dreadful the angels hover'd. The terrors of GOD sat on their expanded wings. The terrors of GOD rush'd down. Then horrors flew : seventimes they flew around. The dying JESUS, raising his languid head, look'd at the angels of death, then cast up his eyes to Heaven, and cry'd, with a voice which none but his almighty FATHER heard, Ah cease to encrease the torture of these wounds ! I know the beat of their wings, these sounds of death. O my GOD forbear ! Instantly the two angels bent their airy flight towards Heaven ; but first cast a dreadful look on Jerusalem, and on her inhabitants who stood around. On their ascent they left the ethereal spectators under deeper dejection, and pensiveness more profound. With

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disorder'd countenances they stand looking on the graves, then at each other, and then towards Heaven: but soon they again turn their faces to him who bleeds on the cross. Innumerable they stand, and though every eye speaks grief or consternation, no immortal eyes express such tenderness as those of the mother of men. She bows her head towards the earth, the grave of her descendants, and spreads her rais'd arms to Heaven. Now she lays her mournful brow in the dust: now folds her hands: she is half rais'd. Again she droops. She rises, and earnest looks around. She is encompass'd by darkness. She is among the bones—the bones of the dead. At length, with faltering voice, she gives utterance to her thoughts, and from her lips, immortal harmony flows forth in sighs.

May I, O thou divine MESSIAH! presume to call thee Son?—It was my crime that brought thee down from Heaven, and nail'd thee to the cross. Had it not been for me, who have expos'd my offspring to sin and death, thou wouldst not have

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been my Son—thou wouldst not now hang bleeding on thy gaping wounds ; nor ever, ever die ! What an exchange has my guilt brought on thee, O thou most loving and belov'd ! thou hast exchang'd bliss, for misery ! life and ineffable joy, for torment unutterable, and all the agonies of expiring nature ! I——alas ! I was the cause ! yet turn—turn not away from me thy dying eyes. Thine all-gracious FATHER, the prime source of goodness and of love, has condescended to forgive me—Thou too hast pity'd——hast forgiven me. O my REDEEMER ! the REDEEMER of my offspring ! the high arch of Heaven resounded, and the throne of the ETERNAL echo'd back thy praise, when thou, the belov'd of thy FATHER, offer'dst to give thy life for repentant sinners, that we might enjoy life everlasting.—And now thou diest—I stand absolv'd by boundless grace—But thou diest !—This overwhelms my soul——It throws back immortality into the grave ! O thou divine SAVIOUR, allow me to weep for thee, and forgive—forgive the soothing

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tears of an immortal ! Yes, O thou dear REDEEMER ! thou belov'd victim of death ! thou forgivest me.—Forgive me, also, O my pious offspring ; for when me, your last groans, when me, your dying sighs curse, as your murderer ; then let your hearts bless me ; for I am also the mother of the SAVIOUR, of the PRINCE OF GRACE, of the AUTHOR and the FINISHER of your faith, who dies that you may live ! Curse me not then, O my children ! for I, when mortal, often shed the kindly tear for you, and when my struggling heart fail'd, for you I dying wept, and pour'd forth tears for those who, after me, were to sink into corruption. When ye now, O my pious, my virtuous children, expire, ye shall sleep in JESUS, and be convey'd to the realms of ineffable delight !——convey'd to him, whom ye now see bleeding on the cross ! Then curse not your mother, O my children ! for though I render'd you mortal, JESUS CHRIST is also my Son, and he will cloathe you with immortality ! But, O my dear LORD ! my REDEEMER ! my

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best BELOVED ! whose kindness and grace
no words can express, thou diest ! Oh
that this sorrowful hour were pass'd, and
that thou hadst escap'd from pain, to the
felicity that awaits thee, at the right hand
of the MAJESTY ON HIGH——Ah he
grows paler !—his cheeks fall—his divine
head sinks lower on his bosom, which still
heaves with love to man.—That sigh, O
Death, is thy voice ?—But my dear JE-
sus bends his looks on me ! O ye sera-
phim rejoice, he turns his face to me !
Let the gates of Heaven echo back the
sound, that the great, the divine RE-
DEEMER once more turns his face to the
mother of mortals ! The joys of eternity
already shine around me ! I lift up my
eyes to the MOST HIGH, the OMNIPRE-
SENT GOD, whom the Heaven of Hea-
vens cannot contain ; I stretch forth my
hands to his beloved SON ! the BRIGHT-
NESS of the FATHER's glory ! the RE-
STORER of innocence ! the REVIVER
of the dead ! the JUDGE of the earth !
the REDEEMER of man ! and with amaze-
ment attempt to express my gratitude :

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but in vain : words cannot describe what I feel : they are formed to express feeblèr sensations. My soul swells with rapture. I am lost in transport, in extasy, in joy unutterable ! Bless the LORD, O my children ! bless the great OMNIPOTENT, the original source of joy, of love, of happiness ! Oh pour out your souls in grateful praise to the LORD, your REDEEMER, and 'FRIEND. By his bloody sweat in Gethsemane, by those wounds, and that pure blood now shed for you ; by his drooping head, his dim and languid eyes, his countenance disfigur'd by pain and approaching death, I conjure you to love and imitate your LORD, your FRIEND, your SAVIOUR ! In his name I bless you, O mine offspring, and may the blessing of the LORD always rest upon you !

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

ELOA returns from the throne of God, and relates what he has seen. The behaviour of PETER, who joins SAMMA, and a stranger, and afterwards successively meets LEBEUS, his brother ANDREW, JOSEPH and NICODEMUS, and then returns to Golgotha, where he sees JOHN, and the female friends of JESUS. A conversation between ABRAHAM and MOSES. They are join'd by ISAAC. ABRAHAM and ISAAC address the MESSIAH. A cherub conducts the souls of the pious heathens to the cross. CHRIST speaks to JOHN and MARY. ABBADONA, assuming the appearance of an angel of light, comes to the cross; but being known by ABDIEL, flies, OBADDON conducts the soul of JUDAS to the cross, then gives him a distant view of Heaven, and at length conducts him to Hell.

THE
M E S S I A H.
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ELOA now return'd from the throne
of the ETERNAL. Fill'd with deep
contemplations, he slowly hover'd over
the pinnacles of the temple, and then
came to the assembly of the progenitors
of the human race, whom he thus ad-
dress'd :

Before I communicate my thoughts, oh
join in prayer with me. Ere I speak, I
will offer my adorations. All then, with
humble prostration, in silence ador'd the
INFINITE and ETERNAL, and silent rose.
ELOA still continu'd rapt in thought ;
but at last said :

To the FIRST of beings, to him whom
no name can express, no thought con-
ceive, I soar'd, desiring to see him face

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to face, in all his tremendous glory. I reach'd the suns that gild the radiant path to Heaven, and they were dimm'd. I came to the celestial pole, and there the bright shining light struggled with blackest gloom. I then ascended to the throne, and there darkness progressive, deepen'd beyond darkness; and now—I seek for words, and do not find them, none can express the deepness of the sable cloud, in which the ETERNAL was invol'd, nor the awful terrors that environ'd his throne. Amidst the profound silence of the fair creation, I stood, and heard the far distant roar of the infernal floods. Slow I still advanc'd: when the first of the angels of death call'd, Who is this that rises with too bold a wing? I trembling, started back, and sunk prostrate, adoring the OMNIPOTENT in silence. Thus ELOA spake, and veiling his face, withdrew.

The head of the divine JESUS now hanging on his breast, he seem'd to slumber. The storm of the blasphemous multitude was laid, and all was calm as Ocean reclining on the peaceful shores. Those

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who rever'd the SAVIOUR walk'd about the skirts of Golgotha, where, with weeping eyes, they might obtain a distant view of the REDEEMER. Yet each avoided the others: their afflicted hearts allowing them no tongue for converse, for bitter converse adding pain to their distress'd minds. Only the belov'd disciple, and the tender mother of JESUS, continu'd with each other at the foot of the cross.

The disciple, who had sworn that he knew not his divine MASTER, was now walking solitary about the mountain. Thus by the winding shore wanders a son, within sight of a rock on which his father was wreck'd; speechless he walks, with his eyes fix'd on the spot where his tender parent perish'd, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, bursts into bitter lamentations. PETER now faint with weeping, stood on an eminence near mount Calvary, too weak to express his grief, too weak to lift up his supplicating hands to Heaven. ITHURIEL, his guardian angel, with pity beheld his grief, and in-

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pus'd into his heart some drops of consolation. This, though an immortal, was all he could give. The afflicted disciple felt the lenient balm thrill through his soul, and now looking up, with longing eyes, sought his friends, desiring to receive from them reproof and comfort. He stood with his eyes directed towards Jerusalem; for up the hill of death he did not dare to look. He now strove to discover the proud city, but though of large extent, and lofty its towers, it was wrapp'd in a gloom so dismal, that through it he could scarce perceive the pinnacles of the high seated temple, and the towers of Sion. At length, his eyes were drawn aside by a distant murmuring sound, which arose from the strangers, who, being come to the festival, were hastening to obtain a sight of the crucify'd PROPHET. To them PETER went, and among the more silent groupes of people, sought his fellow disciples, but none he found. At length a conversation suspends his search. One of a swarthy complexion, richly dress'd in a foreign robe, ask'd a man of

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an open countenance, who held by the hand his little son; for what crime the malefactor, on the middle and more lofty cross, was put to death? His crime! said the other, with an air of surprise, He is put to death, because he hath given health to the sick, feet to the lame, ears to the deaf, eyes to the blind! because he reliev'd the possess'd, of which number I was one, and freed us from our torments! because he even rais'd the dead! because by his powerful preaching, he open'd to our enraptur'd souls the gates of eternal life! because his life was holy, was blameless, was divine!

Here seeing PETER, he stretch'd out his hand towards him, and said, This is one of the chosen friends of the great PROPHET, who daily saw, and heard him, and whom he instructed in the knowledge of the truth. Do thou inform him, added he, turning to PETER—inform this stranger and me, why they put this divine person to death. Comply, O thou man of GOD! with my request, and turn not away thine eyes from me. Thou

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know'ſt him. Thee he lov'd ! for thou waſt one of his choſen diſciples. Brothers have leſs love for each other, than thou and JOHN have for him.

PETER ſtill turn'd from them, not be-
 cauſe he was known ; for now he was
 prepar'd to die : but his being join'd with
 the faithful JOHN, pierc'd his very ſoul.
 My friends, ſaid he at laſt, with falter-
 ing voice, There dies the holy !—Then
 burſting into tears, he hid himſelf among
 the crowd.

Thus he left SAMMA and JOEL, with
 the favourite of queen CANDACE, the
 eunuch, afterwards baptiz'd by PHILIP.
 Theſe fill'd with admiration, now mov'd
 ſlowly towards Golgotha. Mean while,
 PETER diſcover'd at a diſtance LEBBEUS,
 who ſtood, leaning with a dejected look,
 againſt a wither'd tree, and went to-
 wards him. LEBBEUS, not yet obſerv-
 ing him, PETER, with a faint trembling
 voice, ſaid, Haſt thou too ſeen him on
 the croſs ? Thou, 'tis true, art unhappy,
 yet thou canſt liſt up thine eyes to him :
 but I—oh pity—pity my miſery ! Here—

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here it bleeds ! added he, laying his hand on his breast, Here my swelling, tortur'd heart bleeds ! Will not my dear friend speak to me ? Will he not afford me one word of consolation ?—Thou art silent—still art thou silent. In vain LEBBEUS strove to give utterance to the strong emotions of his mind. Yet the agitations that appear'd in his countenance, and his falling tears were not speechless. But no comfort could PETER's soul receive from them. With heavy heart he left that affectionate disciple, and depress'd with a new load of woe, again hid himself in the crowd. At length, having once more escap'd from the multitude, he suddenly saw before him his brother ANDREW. Him he would have shunn'd ; but receiving a sign to retire farther from the people, PETER follow'd him, and, on joining him, cry'd, My brother !—my dear brother !—Then embrac'd him : not indeed with his usual fervor, for with feeble grasp he held him, and hung on his neck, weeping. O my dear PETER, return'd ANDREW, with more compos'd affliction ;

fain would I, but I cannot, suppress my grief ! My heart bleeds as well as thine !
 —I mourn for thee. The best of Men !
 the most faithful, the most loving Friend !
 the SON of GOD !—thou — alas !— before
 his enemies—hast deny'd !

Meek-hearted grief, sacred to him whom
 he had deny'd, and effusions of cordial
 thanks for his brother's fidelity, appear'd in
 in PETER's eyes ; but speechless were his
 lips. While they embrac'd they scarce saw
 each other. They then walk'd hand in
 hand, while their eyes still suffus'd in tears,
 scarce allow'd the power of sight, till, at
 length, overcome by the languor of grief,
 their hands sunk, and losing their hold,
 they parted. PETER still disconsolate,
 and still earnestly breathing after consolation,
 walk'd alone, ; but not far : soon
 he cast his eyes on two persons whom he
 esteem'd, yet strove to avoid ; but was
 too near. Does the dear disciple of the
 divine teacher not know us ? said JOSEPH
 of Arimathea. We also, O SIMON !
 are his disciples. We were so in secret,
 but now are we ready to acknowledge him

before all the people. NICODEMUS, my worthy friend, who cannot be unknown to thee, has boldly declar'd for CHRIST before the Sanhedrim : with unshaken courage he, before them all, spake in his defence : but I, alas ! was too late in acknowledging him. I was intimidated, —coward as I was, I did not dare to express my thoughts before that impious assembly ! Forbear, dear JOSEPH, said NICODEMUS, to afflict thy tender mind. Thou can'st away with me, and hast already own'd the divine JESUS. JOSEPH here lifting up his eyes, swimming in tears, to Heaven, cry'd, Hear, O hear, Thou GOD and FATHER of the holy JESUS ! the voice of my supplications. Him whom I so faintly own'd while he liv'd, may I, before all the world, undauntedly acknowledge when dead.

Here JOSEPH was silent, His petition arose to the eternal throne, and with the grant descended divine grace. NICODEMUS now addressing himself to PETER, said, Why, O SIMON ! dost thou turn thy sorrowful face from us ? We feel all

all that thou feelest. We feel his death—the near approaching death of the holiest among men! Perhaps he is expiring! Perhaps he now breathes his last sigh! But, O thou, his dear disciple! communicate thy thoughts to us! Let thy gracious words pour into our souls an healing balm; and let not thy melancholy eye upbraid us with having so long, only in private, acknowledg'd the divine JESUS—thy LORD and ours. As a tree seiz'd by the blustering winds, quivering bends its lofty top, so PETER, hanging down his head, stood trembling. Overpower'd by remorse, he hid his face in his garment. Then fled, seeking rest in greater pain. He hasted back to Golgotha, and, with labouring steps, ascended the hill. He now more freely breathes. He ventures to raise his eyes to the lofty cross; but not to the awful face of his dying LORD. Under it he beheld, near each other, JOHN and the mother of the sacred victim, motionless, silent, and with eyes which, through excess of grief, shed no tears. At a small distance stood

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many of the faithful, who had follow'd the SAVIOUR out of Galilee. Though low their birth, though obscure their rank, though mean their appearance, sacred history has transmitted the names of some of that virtuous band to posterity : MARY MAGDALENE, MARY the mother of JAMES and JOSES, MARY the mother of the sons of ZEBEDEE, and thou, O MARY, who now didst behold, extended on the cross, thy divine Son, the best and most amiable of the race of men. These, with many others, from the warmth of their affection, ventur'd to stand near their dying LORD.

MARY MAGDALENE had sunk on the ground, longing for death. — Carry'd away by the torrent of her sorrow, she abandon'd every hope ; every idea of the SAVIOUR's miracles, and lay impassion'd on the hill, filling the air with her complaints. The mother of JOSES, though herself inconsolable, prompted by the tenderness of her soul, attempted to give her the comfort she herself could not feel ; and, with the soft voice of pity, strove to

alleviate her distress : but soon the agony of her own grief render'd her silent. Mean while the mother of the two sons of ZEBEDEE, pale and faded with grief, stood weeping in the dreary gloom, with uplifted eyes, and wringing her hands, as if she meant to say, How long will the divine vengeance be delay'd ? Soon will it fall on this cruel people !

But none with more fervor of soul ; none with more cordial compassion, view'd the dying JESUS, than the converted criminal. This escap'd not the notice of the immortals, more especially of those who were once of the human race ; while the chief object of their exalted sensations was the grace of the REDEEMER. ABRAHAM, enraptur'd with the thought of his salvation, observ'd him with warm affection ; till at length the affecting sympathy with which the already happy convert beheld the HOLY SUFFERER, struck the patriarch with such mingled pity and joy, that, breaking forth from his mute astonishment, he turn'd to MOSES, who stood by his side ;

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and the exalted father of the twelve-
trib'd Judea, thus spake to the inspir'd
legislator, the builder of the tabernacle :

What we, O son ! behold—what these
few hours display, will furnish us with
discourse through the endless ages of eter-
nity. Now I am recover'd from silent
astonishment, let us take a few drops
from this ocean of wonders. Thou
sawest the glory of GOD on Horeb ; I
in Mamre's sacred grove. Mild was then
its appearance : then the divine lips found-
ed melodious grace. Thus sweet, thus
ravishingly soft was the voice of the SA-
VIOUR, when he spake pardon to the cri-
minal. O thou pure, thou spotless JE-
SUS, thou suffering MESSIAH, how great
is my joy at the redemption thou procu-
rest for sinners, my children ! my jubilant
songs shall join those of the heavenly host !
See how this new disciple smiles at his ap-
proaching death ! How the mercies of the
MOST HIGH, and the divine benevo-
lence of the great REDEEMER swell his
struggling heart ! How the transports of
eternal life beam around him ! Yet,

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though the repose of a better life is so near, with what soft compassion does he look on the sufferings of his gracious SAVIOUR ! But that my unhappy—wicked children should thus ungratefully, with cruel hands, slay the LORD OF LIFE, would, was I mortal, fill me with such grief as to bow me down to the grave ! What GABRIEL in vain strove to conceal from me, let me communicate to thee ; and then may the dread idea be forever banish'd from my mind. The gracious REDEEMER, who, with the marks of these wounds, shall come to judge the world, has already foretold the fate of these abandon'd sinners : nay, they have imprecated the divine vengeance on themselves. The heathen governor sought to save him, and, with reluctance, pass'd sentence ; while they cry'd out, His blood be upon us and our children. Oh that no angel of death had engrav'd the dreadful words on an eternal rock, and plac'd it by the throne of the MOST HIGH. I see—I see nations coming from the ends of the earth, to pay homage to

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the divine JESUS; to listen to his precepts, and to bow before him, their LORD and SAVIOUR. But among these I see not my children.

MOSES answer'd, Thou father of ISAAC, of JACOB, and of the faithful who adher'd to the worship of JEHOVAH, when the multitude flock'd to graven images: thou father of her who bore the REDEEMER, and of him who accomplishes the great work of redemption! O ABRAHAM! lift up thine eyes and behold. What I shall say, is to thee already known: but 'tis good frequently to gaze on the fair face of truth. There are a people of judgment and of grace. The UNSEARCHABLE, who points with his right hand to mercy, and with his left to judgment, hath founded these on a rock, that all the sons of the dust may clearly perceive that they have the power of chusing life and death; whosoever therefore on observing the monitory rock, will not look up to it to see and learn, is his own destroyer: he condemns himself.

Thou, my son, return'd ABRAHAM, hast observ'd the grateful smile with which I have listen'd to thy words. Perhaps, when they have long been try'd, they will forsake the ways of sin, and then the son will no longer bear the iniquities of the father. Then, O MOSES, then perhaps they will return—sweetest transports flow in upon me, and peace from God smiles all around! Oh then will they return to the great REDEEMER! the SAVIOUR of all mankind!—to him who by day in the cloud, and in the night by a pillar of fire, led their forefathers to the land of Canaan, and on the cross now bleeds for them. Return, return, O my children!—return to him who is ready to save!—to him!—to him whom ye are now putting to death!—to the Lamb that will soon be slain!—to eternal life!

Here, with supplicating look, he rais'd his eyes to Heaven. ISSAC, his beloved son, once the comfort of his declining age, seeing him, came in his juvenile form, and with a smile of joy mingled with concern, instantly cry'd, Ah father,

in thy countenance I see the warm emotions of thy mind ! But alas ! our children cruelly slay him, who sanctify'd himself for them ! Yet, O JEHOVAH ! thou wilt at length have mercy on them ! thou wilt bear them, on eagle's wings, to their SAVIOUR ! With this contemplation felicity comes hovering round me, and extatic bliss rushes upon my exulting soul ! Yet one idea fills me with sacred awe. Well dost thou remember, when on yonder sacred mount—(for ever sacred let it be to me !)—thou ledst me to the altar. Thy son, more chearful than thyself, went by thy side, rejoicing that he was going with thee to sacrifice to the ETERNAL : but when I lay bound on the wood, and the lighted brand flam'd by my side ; when I lifted up my eyes swimming in tears, to Heaven ; when you gave me the parting kiss ; then turning from me drew the glittering blade, and held destruction over thy son—But I pass over that trying hour, since crown'd with ages of purest joy—Thine ISAAC was surely chosen to prefigure the sacrifice of the SON of the MOST

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HIGH—the sacrifice that now bleeds on Golgotha. This fills me with a sweet and rapturous melancholy, that overpowers my immortal soul.

Thus ISAAC spake, and ABRAHAM in soft accents reply'd, Let us bow before the REDEEMER. Instantly they kneel'd: one of ABRAHAM's arms enclos'd that of his son, and their folded hands were rais'd to Golgotha. The father then cry'd, O thou REDEEMER from sin! thou JOY of believers! thou SON of the SUPREME FATHER! what have I felt since a mortal mother bore thee at Bethlehem? The angels, lost in astonishment, comprehend not the wonders of thy grace and love. Thou the inspiring theme of their jubilant songs, shroudest thyself in humble life. Scarce could the spirits on high know thee under the lowly disguise. O thou in whom the brightness of thy FATHER's glory shone! thou hast walk'd the steep, the solitary way of mortality, meditating on thy death; and now art thou come to the solemn, the momentous period—to thy last, thy most painful sufferings, which

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long, before I was born on this earth,
thou, O my SAVIOUR, and the SAVIOUR
of all that come to thee, didst chuse!—
didst chuse for man!—and now thou
bleed'st—thou dy'st!—O JESUS, thou art
far superior to our compassion! Yet we
feel the great, the dreadful stroke, with
which death strikes thee, and at which the
immense creation shudders. Have mercy
on us, O GOD MOST HIGH! thou
spring of never failing mercy and of
grace! that we may not too deeply feel
the sufferings of thy SON. Have mercy
—have mercy on all who rapt in admira-
tion, surround the SAVIOUR—on all,
like us, ally'd to the dust.

Here ABRAHAM ceas'd, and both were
silent, till ISAAC ask'd, Who are the
souls, that cherub is leading to the cross?
The radiant band approach'd from the
distant sky, beautiful as the rising morn.
They had quitted their tabernacles of flesh,
and came from all the nations of the earth
extending from pole to pole, where their
bodies had been consum'd by the quick
devouring flames of the funeral pile, or

committed to the silent grave. Their hearts were sincere and pure, if the purity of mortals deserves the name. Animated by the love of virtue, fairest ornament of the human mind, and ever lovely in the eyes of the UNIVERSAL PARENT, they pass'd through this inferior life; but had not been illumin'd by the light of an external revelation. Thousands of these happy souls were led by the meditative cherub, while seiz'd with their first astonishment at the glories of their new state of existence, they with silent rapture ador'd the SOVEREIGN LORD of all, who is no respecter of persons, and whose tender mercies are over all his works. To them the cherub turn'd his face, when ABRAHAM and the other patriarchs heard him thus address the souls, while they approach'd the gloom-surrounded cross.

What ye, bless'd spirits, see, consider with all the powers your new and rapturous sensations have left you. Here is fresh subject for your love, your gratitude, your devout astonishment. None born of woman can without the MEDIA-

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TOR, who there bleeds for you, see the
ETERNAL. Ye happy souls, to you I
now reveal the great mystery of eternity.
There JESUS, the divine JESUS, for men,
for repentant sinners, for the heirs of
death, dies on the cross. Behold the SON
of the MOST HIGH, born on earth,
born of a mortal mother. (See there she
stands at the foot of the cross.) Fastings,
prayers, miracles, instructions, acts of
beneficence, sufferings on sufferings,
fill'd up the life of the gracious SAVIOUR:
and now—(the joys of eternity hang up-
on the great event)—now he dies—he
dies for all the sons of earth—he dies for
you!—Had he not from the beginning of
the world been chosen the REDEEMER,
all would have dy'd; but through him,
life and immortality are brought to light,
and by his obedience all shall be made
alive. The MOST HIGH GOD is pleas'd
with your sincere endeavours to know
and obey him. Happy souls! for his sake
your sincerity is accepted. He whom ye
strove to resemble, has seen your tears;
has heard your petitions to be freed from

sin, which ye felt, which ye conquer'd,
 though ye knew not all its evils. Your
 prayers have ascended to the highest Hea-
 vens, and were acceptable to him, who
 searcheth the hearts of the sons of men.
 JESUS, who bleeds on the cross, is your
 FRIEND, your REDEEMER, your IN-
 TERCESSOR. Oh give thanks to the great
 MEDIATOR! to the DISPENSER of eter-
 nal life! to the suffering JESUS, the SON
 of the MOST HIGH GOD!

These souls, fill'd with inexpressible
 and blissful sensations, mingled with gen-
 tle dejection and astonishment, sunk
 down in rapturous adoration of the gra-
 cious SAVIOUR, who had lov'd them be-
 fore the foundation of the world, and was
 now dying, to perfect the redemption of
 the human race.

SALIM and SELITH, the guardian an-
 gels of JOHN and MARY, observ'd the
 grateful prostration of these enraptur'd
 souls, and SALIM cry'd, How sensible,
 O SELITH, are these new immortals of
 their felicity! How the joys of Heaven
 already flow in upon them! Now are

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they forever deliver'd from the troubles of mortal life; from the afflictions which fall so thick and heavy on the inhabitants of the earth! The dear persons under our care, were once fill'd with peace from God, and with such sublime sensations, as scarce to feel the heavy clog of mortality, but now, those pale cheeks, those agonizing looks, those bleeding wounds, have chill'd the extasies of the mother and the friend! I, O SELITH, also feel them!—I feel the cruel nails that pierce their souls! I, reply'd SELITH, have seen many of the afflicted: but no distress like theirs! Yet is my compassion mix'd with wonder. Is it not strange, that they who are belov'd by the ETERNAL, should thus deeply suffer? yet with pleasure I reflect, that God frequently imparts consolation to his suffering servants, when every ray of hope seems vanish'd. And, O SALEM! if my ardent desire of seeing them again favour'd by divine consolations, does not deceive me, I now see beaming from the benevolent eyes of the MESSIAH, emanations of

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comfort. Thus spake SELITH: He err'd not; for the REDEEMER would no longer withhold his pity from JOHN and the afflicted MARY: but cast down on them a look, whence reviving effusions stream'd into their fainting souls. Then, inclining his divine face towards them, MARY, with trembling expectation, listen'd, while to her ear the voice of her gracious SAVIOUR, thus descended: Mother, behold thy Son. Then to the disciple he said, Behold thy Mother! Now these affectionate friends, with astonishment, gratitude and tears, turn'd to each other.

The dying JESUS still continu'd suspended in torture. At the idea of his sufferings the soul trembles, and to express them, the bless'd spirits that surround the throne of the OMNIPOTENT, do not presume to attempt. Pensive silence encompass'd the hill of death; and the earth incessantly trembled thro' its secret caverns. Yet in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, its latent trepidations were not heard. Once did the concussion reach the rebellious city: but it only rais'd an obscure sensa-

tion: something of a distant terror of impending vengeance, for the blood that was then flowing, seiz'd the hearts of the multitude.

Now the secret convulsions of Nature cleft a rocky mountain far from Olivet, into the centre of which, ABBADONA had retir'd to mourn in the depths of the earth. He was sitting on the declivity of a subterranean rock, viewing with fix'd attention, a torrent which fell at his feet. His listening ear was following the roar of the foaming stream, which flowing from the summit of the lofty mountain, was dash'd from cliff to cliff, when suddenly he felt under him a progressive trembling, and the rocks fell from their aspiring heights. ABBADONA, terrify'd at the convulsive pangs of Nature, cry'd, Does the Earth lament that she has brought forth children? and is she tir'd of bearing her mouldering issue in her bosom, which is now become a perpetual grave to them? Thus throng'd with human bodies, she is within dreadful, while without, she is cloth'd with a verdant robe, and adorn'd

with blooming flowers. Or, alas! does she lament the great, the divine person, whom I in midnight darkness saw in humble prostration, suffering!—Ah, what is his fate? Why do I delay to see him again? Is the heavy hand of awful Justice nearer me, when expos'd on the open earth, than when here? No, where can I escape from Justice! should I fly from the creation, still would she follow me?—I will then seek him. The issue of his dreadful sufferings will I see, and all the wonders of these great transactions know. But with what troops of celestial spirits is he surrounded. Ah, struck by a sudden glance from them, I lately fled, appall'd! Should I venture to counterfeit their heavenly effulgence, and transform myself into the fair semblance of an angel of light, would not the GOD OF TRUTH, with his pointed lightning, strip off the disguise, and the angels, indignant, see me array'd in this odious garb of guilt? But SATAN is permitted to appear like an angel of light! he who has provok'd the MOST HIGH by greater crimes—by incessant

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acts of deepest guilt! Ah this disguise is not to conceal any base design, harbour'd in my tortur'd heart! But shall ANNA DONA use disguise?—Retire, retire, O wretch, rejected and forlorn!—retire, and in secret contemplate thy misery!—Am I excluded then from going? and must I not know the end of his most wonderful sufferings?—But, how should I be able to behold the looks of the angel, and not fly?

Thus fluctuating, and still dubious, he arose from the cavern: but scarce had he alighted on the surface of the earth, when with astonishment he drew back: for then seeing her involv'd in the dreadful gloom of night, he cry'd, with a tremulous voice, At mid-day, overspread with such thick darkness! Is the Earth ripe for judgment? Is she now to be destroy'd? Doth the OMNIPOTENT hold her in the hollow of his hand?—But wherefore? Does the wonderful Sufferer lie bury'd in her bosom? and does GOD require him of her sons?—But can the MESSIAH die?—Wherever I turn, perplexity on

each new idea dwells. Much better is it for me to haste, and seek him—to see, and, by that means, to learn, than to sit alone, lost in fruitless conjectures. Thus resolv'd, he stood on the tree-crown'd summit of a lofty mountain, and amidst the shrouding darkness, long, with quick eye, sought the holy city. At length he perceiv'd it, when, through the hovering clouds, it seem'd like a heap of ruins. Now, trembling, he tries to assume a bright ethereal form, and all the juvenile beauty with which he shone in the blissful vale of peace : but awkward is the imitation. Radiant tresses, indeed, flow beneath his shoulders, which are adorn'd with golden wings ; within his eyes he retains his tears, and the lustre of the dawning day overspreads his lucid countenance. Thus array'd in beauty, he, with tremulous flight, chuses his way through the thickest gloom. In traversing the coast of the Dead Sea, he hears an unusual noise in the agitated waters : with the roar of the waves are intermingled the groans of anguish, and the howls of

despair. So, if guilty cities are shaken by earthquakes, when one that has most offended thinks, that she shall sink into ruins, groans and sighs, and shrieks arise with each shock, and are mingled with the dull sound of the subterranean scourge. The earth again heaves and trembles; the air resounds with the fall of polluted temples and marble palaces; with the redoubled shrieks and groans of the inhabitants: while the pale traveller, fill'd with terror, flies. Thus the affrighted ABBA-DONA hears the roaring of the Dead Sea, mingled with the groans and bellowings of the two apostates, and knowing them, with fluttering wing, leaves the doleful shores.

He now draws near to the angelic circle. At the august appearance he is suddenly overpower'd by an insurmountable terror, and his mimic lustre fades. The first angels, immers'd in the contemplation of the holy, the dying MESSIAH, observ'd not his approach: but he escap'd not ELOA's piercing eye. He instantly knew him, and thus said to himself, The forsaken of GOD, this fearful, soul-tormented seraph, would then behold the

crucify'd Jesus ! Already has he seen his passion in the garden. He seeks him again ! How restless—how miserable is his state !—A prey to incessant remorse !—Long, very long, has he been dissolv'd in these bitter tears of anguish !—O God, thou SOVEREIGN JUDGE, all thy purposes thou wilt accomplish ! Thy ways are ever just and righteous. Then in humble prostration, he pray'd in silence. On his rising he made a sign to an angel, who instantly stood before him. Haste, blessed spirit, said ELOA, haste to the angels, and to the progenitors of the human race, and thus address them, ABBADONA trembling and anxious, is drawing towards us. Should he venture to mingle with you ; oh forbid him not ; for, in extreme distress he comes, to obtain an awful view of the REDEEMER of man. Let none order him to fly. Let none discountenance a mind so humbled. Indulge him in this afflictive alleviation of his anguish. About the cross are greater sinners than ABBADONA.

The fallen seraph hover'd, trembling, about the angelic assembly. He hesitated,

flutter'd forward ; stopt ; alighted on the ground. He was suddenly desirous of returning back. He then animated himself with the thought, that none but the MESSIAH could be encompass'd by so spacious, so pompous a circle of angels. He now flew amidst them. The angels turn'd and saw him ; they saw the faint disguise. ABBADONA wore a ghastly smile ; a lustre that irradiates none of the bless'd, mingled with fix'd horror and predominant grief, which he strove in vain to conceal. With silent commiseration they suffer'd him to pass, and he approach'd the cloud-topp'd hill ; but seeing those on each cross, he swiftly turn'd aside. No, I will not see them, said he ; I will not see the faces of the dying ! Your sufferings pierce me too deep ! They present to my thoughts images of horror ! too loudly do they accuse me to the SOVEREIGN JUDGE ! Alas ! a cursory, a momentary sight of their wounds has already fill'd me with raging anguish.—Ye men, my companions in wretchedness, as in guilt, ye wickedly compel your brethren, before the face of the sun, before innumerable multi-

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tudes, solemnly to suffer death ! Never shall mine eyes see them, whom, from cruelty or from justice, ye devote to corruption !—But banish—O banish ABBADON ! from thy distressful mind, these tumultuous thoughts, big with overwhelming woe—
 —I seek the holy PROPHET ; but where shall I find him ? It is not for nothing that all the host of Heaven are assembled here ! They encircle him—He is in this sacred place—But where ? When in the garden on mount Olivet, the place dignified by his presence was cover'd with the thickest gloom ; here this hill, strew'd with bones, is most obscur'd. But can he not be seen ?—
 —O that some angel would point him out !—Dare I, unhappy, ask an angel to shew me him ?—Did they know me by this tremor, by this melancholy confusion, would they not order me to quit the place ?—But rapt in divine contemplations on this holy person, they do not even observe me.—Ah, where shall I find him ? He is, perhaps, in the temple—in the Holy of Holies—Is he praying there ? Shall none see his sufferings, his bloody sweat ?—
 —Yet every heavenly eye is directed more

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to the hill, than to the temple.—Ah, wretch ! how debas'd art thou ! thou dar'st not lift up thy bashful eye to the faithful ministers of God ; and yet on this hill of skulls presumest to appear before them, while adorn'd with all their radiant splendor ! Perhaps here, where dying malefactors afford the most manifest proof of the fall of man, JESUS concludes his his earthly sufferings. Perhaps, prostrate among human bones, he is here offering up his supplications to the SOVEREIGN JUDGE. Ah, must I again turn my face towards this mount of death !

He then turn'd, hovering slow and timid around the hill, till descending, he sought with quick and piercing eye under the crosses. There he found JOHN, and careful watch'd his looks.—Mean while the gracious SAVIOUR still hung on the darken'd cross, and every feature of his agonizing countenance seem'd to wish for the repose of the grave.

ABBADONA at length recovering from his first emotions, softly cry'd, It is impossible—It is impossible—It cannot be —He die ! — It is impossible. But why

do I delay to obtain conviction? Then lifting up his eyes, he suddenly added, I see him—I am not deceiv'd—It is he!—Yes, it is he!—he whom I saw on the mount of Olives, prostrate, weeping, and pouring out his soul in prayer for man.

He now sunk upon the hill, and resum'd, Here will I in the dust wait the issue of this solemn tremendous scene, and if I may be permitted, will see the divine SUFFERER die!—Ah what is this that arises in my mind like the opening dawn of rest? Is it the stupefaction of anguish, or a ray of reviving hope?—of the best hope I dare entertain—the hope of annihilation? Oh deceive me not, thou mere ideal hope—Thou dost not—Thou art more than imaginary. Methinks I now dare fly to the SOVEREIGN JUDGE, and humbly implore him to grant me annihilation! Ah now am I persuaded that he will hear me!—O JUDGE of the world! when the divine Sufferer shall have bow'd his head on the cross, and thou, to revenge our having brought forth sin, and seduc'd man to become guilty, shalt select some of us, as a sacrifice to be annihilated

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on the SAVIOUR's grave, then chuse AB-
BADONA—chuse me the most ungrateful
—the worst of sinners. Ah then I shall
be no more!—No more shall feel the
burning torment! Then at once will my
existence cease! I shall be blotted from
the race of immortal beings! be forgotten
by the angels, by the whole creation, by
GOD himself! Behold, I bow my head,
O JEHOVAH! to thine omnipotence; and
do thou, my SOVEREIGN JUDGE, con-
descend to exterminate me from thy crea-
tion by an invifible touch of thine almighty
hand, or by a subtil blaze darted from thy
refulgent splendor.

Such were the supplications of ABBA-
DONA, which he presum'd to hope would
be accomplish'd. Fill'd with mingled joy
and terror, he glided along the earth, and
look'd up to the bloody cross, to the dying
REDEEMER, and at every view he thought,
Now, now the divine SUFFERER dies!
while a secret horror at being reduc'd to
nothing, insensibly arising in his mind, he
shudder'd at destruction. Visible in ob-
scurity he stood, striving to retain his
borrow'd splendor. But while he thus

strove, and his fears and terrors still return'd, he perceiv'd hovering on the right side of the more lofty cross, his beloved, now his dreaded ABDIEL, once his friend, his brother: for with him was he created. Surrounding gloom instantly veil'd from his sight the radiant circle of angels, and to him the whole creation appear'd too narrow. Every appertinence of an happy immortal, all the graces, all the powers of a fair etherial spirit, he suddenly strove to assume, to prevent his being known by ABDIEL; and hasting as if dispatch'd on some high behests, from remote worlds to others more remote, he had stopp'd, but dar'd not stay; he thus, with quick speech, address'd himself to ABDIEL.

Tell me, dear seraph, (for thou, perhaps, mayst know) when will the SAVIOUR expire? I am order'd to be expeditious; yet, wherever I am, I could wish, with the lowliest adorations, to solemnize that important moment.

ABDIEL, at hearing his voice, turn'd towards the unhappy, and, with a gravity soften'd by compassion, answer'd, ABBA-DONA!—As the face of a blooming youth

blasted by a sulphureous flash darted from the clouds, is suddenly overspread by the livid paleness of death, so gloom issuing from the abyss, instantly cover'd the face of ABBADONA. All the heavenly host beheld his hideous transformation. When, struck with fear and shame, he suddenly flew, with rapidity, from the bright circle of the celestial spirits, unable to bear their looks or their splendor.

The fallen seraph ascended far into the sky, and then sunk down on a hill, from the other side of which instantly appear'd a distressful spirit, far more black and deform'd than him who had fled. One of the bright inhabitants of Heaven seeing him, then said to his companion: Who is that wretch accurs'd advancing towards us, from yonder hill? How has the hand of Justice branded his wrinkled front! How is he deform'd by odious guilt! Yet see, he presumes to fly towards this bright assembly!—But no longer, my dear associate, am I astonish'd—See, the mighty OBADDON is driving forward the wretched spirit. Ah, it is the ghost of the traitor!

Now the angel of death brought the trembling caitif nearer to the cross; and all the celestials saw him so black, that he seem'd a spot in the darkness which encompass'd the globe. He appear'd as distress'd with agonizing terror, as if, wherever he flew, over him enkindling lightnings blaz'd, and under him the earth open'd, while that darted at his head avenging fires; and this, with equal fury, prepar'd to swallow him. Thus, with wild anguish, the soul of JUDAS approach'd the cross, with his eyes fix'd on OBADDON; who, waving in his right hand his flaming sword, drove him, reluctant; till, alighting on a sable cloud, he, with imperious voice, thus spake:

Behold, thou accurs'd, there lies Bethany—here the palace of CAIAPHAS—here below, the house where thou, ungrateful, didst partake of the memorials of the SAVIOUR's death—There is Gethsemane—that is thy carcase—Dost thou tremble?—tremble still—but open not thy mouth in curses. Here stretching out the flaming sword towards the middle

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cross, which rose pre-eminent, he added,
That is CHRIST JESUS, once thy LORD !
—He dies !—he dies for men ! to sweeten
their life, their death ! to deliver them
from torment like thine, and to exalt
them to the regions of eternal bliss !
Those wounds, whence flows his redeem-
ing blood, shall shine, with enrapturing
lustre, when he comes to judge the
world ! Now turn aside, thou wretched
spirit. Overwhelm'd with despair, JU-
DAS turn'd aside, and OBADDON quick
reliev'd the angelic circle from a sight so
hateful. They now wing their way among
the stars. The traitor is terrify'd at the
immense extent of the silent creation. The
dread idea of the omnipresent GOD rushes
upon his mind with all its terrors ; and
long he trembles before he dares to utter
this request :

O thou most dreadful of the angels !
let me entreat—let me implore thee not
to carry me to the throne of the ETER-
NAL JUDGE—but, with that dread fla-
ming sword, to put an end to my wretched
being—

Obey, and be silent, said OBADDON, driving them forward, till at length, at his command, he stood on one of the suns, and near him that angel of death. There he shew'd the traitor the Heaven of Heavens, where the MOST HIGH visibly displays his glory, and the bless'd enraptur'd spirits enjoy the beatific vision. Though the throne of GOD was now encompass'd with sacred darkness, and, instead of eternal hallelujahs, and the triumphant joy of the saints, reign'd stillest silence; yet Heaven was still worthy of being the residence of Him who is the AUTHOR of all beauty, the SOURCE of all perfection, and to the most exalted of the bless'd, was still the region of boundless joy, of ineffable felicity. This, said OBADDON to the wretched spirit, is the Heaven of the MOST HIGH GOD, the theatre on which he displays the most blissful manifestations of his exuberant glory, which he graciously imparts to those who make him the object of their grateful love. At present the ETERNAL hides his face from all finite beings, and sits shrouded on his throne in

sacred obscurity : but still mine eyes per-
 ceive the divine glory. That celestial, that
 blooming mountain is call'd Sion ; upon
 its top he who now dies for man will of-
 ten shew himself resplendent in grace, to
 those who, on earth, were his pious fol-
 lowers. Those twelve golden thrones
 thou seest on Sion, shining like the sun in
 its splendor, were, by the august RE-
 WARDEE of virtue appointed for the
 twelve faithful disciples of the divine JE-
 SUS : and, seated on these, they shall one
 day judge the earth. Thou wast one of
 his disciples. That throne was thine.
 But thou hast forfeited the seat of bliss ;
 and it will be given to another more wor-
 thy. Sue not for destruction. Fruitless
 are all thy lamentations. Behold, so ma-
 ny of the celestial glories as thine eyes are
 able to discover, so many torments has
 GOD measur'd out to thee. In vain,
 feeble wretch, thou strivest to forbear look-
 ing up to Heaven. Learn to know the
 omnipotence of the SUPREME JUDGE.
 Like a rock in the sea, which no storm
 can move, shalt thou here stand and con-

temple, that JESUS CHRIST dies on the cross, to raise those who love him to this Heaven, to this state of unutterable glory.

At these words OBADDON left him, and flew up towards Heaven, till arriving at one of the celestial fons, he pray'd. At length, rising from his orisons, and re-
turning to the traitor, who stood with wild gaze, fill'd with unutterable misery, he cry'd, Away, thou wicked spectre, I now lead thee to Hell, thine everlasting dwelling. Thus with the hoarse voice of terror sounding like redoubled claps of thunder, spake the angel of death, and then precipitated his flight down towards Hell. From afar they heard the noise of the infernal deep, which roaring struck the confines of the creation, and undulated to the nearest stars. In that space where God has set bounds to infinitude, Hell rolls her torrents of liquid fire. There no order submissive reigns above or below; no law of motion swift or slow. Sometimes with unusual rapidity they move, such is the command of the SOVEREIGN JUDGE, to punish the fresh crimes of

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her inhabitants with flames more vehement, and sharper darts of ever-dying death. Now with rageful impatience, and hideous sound, mingled with groans, and yells, and shrieks, they flew up into the wide expanse. Mean while the traitor and his potent guide quit the confines of the fair creation, and all the worlds innumerable, and, with extended wings, sink down to the gates of Hell. The angel of death station'd there knows OBADDON, sees the criminal writhing and struggling to escape, while the dread of the flaming sword forces his reluctant submission. He unfolds the wide adamantine gates, which harsh grating with jarring sound impetuous turn'd on their broad hinges, and at once discover'd the deep the dread abyss tremendous and most horrible. Not mountains heap'd on mountains would fill up the enormous entrance: these would only render the passage more rugged. No path leads down to Hell's hideous deeps. Close by the gate rocks cleft with gulfs of liquid fire, fall down in ruins wild, while Dis-may pale and giddy at what is seen and

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heard, looks speechless down with eyes wide staring and face aghast, into the flaming gulph. The executioner of the divine vengeance, with the infernal JUDAS, stood at this gaping grave: the grave where Death never dies—never sleeps. The seraph then turning aside, pointed his flaming sword down into the deep abyfs, and cry'd, This is the abode of the damn'd, and this O wretch! is thine abode! That earth-born sinners might not suffer these torments, JESUS CHRIST, once thy gracious LORD, descended from Heaven, liv'd a life of sorrow, breathing benevolence and love to man, and now is dying on the cross.

Thus he spake, and hurl'd the struggling spectre into the abyfs. Then with rapidity soar'd from the precincts of the fiery deep, to the fair creation. Now he comes to the altar on which the divine victim was offer'd: near Golgotha he stands, waiting farther orders from the irritated OMNIPOTENT.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

6x
THE MESSIAH Book IX.

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
MESSIAH.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

God looks down from his throne, while the MESSIAH, casts his eyes on his sepulchre, and prays; then with a look fills SATAN and ADRAELECH with terror. Many elevated souls are now given to the earth, one of whom delivers his thoughts of the dying REDEEMER. A character of these souls. A conversation between SIMEON and JOHN the Baptist. MIRIAM and DEBORAH lament the dying SAVIOUR in a hymn. LAZARUS comforts LEBEUS. URTEL gives notice that the first of the angels of death is descending to the earth. The impression this makes on ENOCH, ABEL, SETH, DAVID, JOB, and more particularly on our first parents, who descend to the sepulchre of JESUS, and pray. The angel of death descends, addresses the MESSIAH, and makes known the divine command. The MESSIAH dies.

THE ARGUMENT

MESSIAH.

BOOK X.

STILL farther do I travel in my tremendous path, still nearer draw to the SAVIOUR'S death—to his death who breath'd nought but love divine, and whose love supports my fainting powers. O let me not, presumptuous, too boldly sing the great REDEEMER! nor without solemn dignity attune my song! Look down, propitious, on me, who am but dust, O thou, by whose omnipotence I am environ'd! Thou seest all the conceptions of my mind, ere into thought they rise, nor is there a word that trembles on my tongue to thee unknown. O my REDEEMER! enlighten me, and when I stumble forgive! A ray of thy light, a drop of thy grace is to the famish'd soul ful-

ness, and to its thirst, the refreshing stream. The throne, which was wont to shine serene in visible beauty, now stood involv'd in the thickest gloom of night: solitary it stood, around it no immortal ador'd, save an angel of death, who prostrate beneath the lowest step, with rais'd hands and suppliant eyes, look'd up with fix'd attention. Mean while JEHOVAH, from his throne, beheld with steady countenance the divine REDEEMER from sin. He through the bright dust of scatter'd suns, and worlds obscure, through silent nature look'd with awful view, which none understood or felt, but he on whom the eternal eye was fix'd. Death, now so near, the SAVIOUR'S whole frame pervades. The worlds tremble through all their secret powers. Troubled, enraptur'd, silent, stand all the immortals, contemplating the SON of GOD, on whose divine face a more deadly paleness sits. His weary languid eyes are faintly cast on his near sepulchre, hewn out of a lonely rock among trees of ancient growth, and with a mind still fill'd

with benignity and soft compassion, which no pain could expel from thence, he thus pour'd forth in secret sighs, the yet warm thoughts of his expiring soul.

There in the sleep of death soon wilt thou, my body, lie. For this, did I assume thee, O thou tabernacle of clay! Yet though thou shalt lie down in death, thou shalt not see corruption. O my gracious FATHER! "wipe every tear from every eye" that shall then surround me weeping! —Have pity on them when thou shalt bring them to their latest hour! O holy FATHER! have mercy on all who believe in thy beloved SON, who now dies for the sins of the world. Some shall gently fall asleep; some shall expire in torment. O FATHER! have compassion on all who, in their struggles with death, shall thirst after help, and fly to thee for grace and consolation. Have compassion on those, who, weary of life, shall be brought by many tribulations to the grave: who in poverty shall live, and yet shall not deny thee: who while they keep a conscience void of offence both towards thee and to-

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wards man, shall become the scorn and mockery of sinners: who, true to their friends, bless even their enemies: who, by their actions, shew their love to their brethren, their love to mankind. Have compassion for those, who undazzled by the honours, the wealth, the dignities of life, shall use them for the good of others; themselves regardless of the glittering toys, and all the distinctions of vanity. Oh be merciful to all who, according to the variety of the gifts and abilities they have receiv'd from thee, shall obey thee in truth and purity of heart: in their last hour shew them the light of thy countenance: when their eyes sink in death; when corruption waits for their mortal frame, and their aspiring souls are ready to take their flight to their CREATOR, then visit them with thy consolations, and receive them to the world of rest, and peace, and joy eternal. O holy FATHER, God of LOVE! by these gaping wounds, on which my body is now suspended: by this bloody wreath of piercing thorns: by what I now suffer, and shall farther suffer:

by that love through which I humbled myself to the death,—this death of the cross, to accomplish the salvation of mankind, hear me, and grant that they whom I love may be faithful to the end—may die in comfort, and rising to eternal life, receive the bright crown of unfading glory and immortality.

Thus silent pray'd the great, the dying MESSIAH. Then, turning his benevolent eyes from the sepulchre, he look'd with stern brow on the Dead Sea, where lay SATAN and ADRAAMELECH. His eyes now darted convulsive terrors and deep dismay into the depths of that tempestuous lake, and both the apostate spirits sunk into the lowest misery. Then was fulfill'd the sentence of the ETERNAL, that The SEED of the Woman should bruise the Serpent's head. SATAN in the midst of his anguish stamp'd into atoms one of the subterraneous rocks, and intermingling his faltering accents with languid howlings, thus began:

Feel'st thou, like me, the inflam'd, unquenchable tortures, which death, eter-

nal death, pours into the deepest recesses
 of this immortal substance ! Behold, to
 thee, thou lost, condemn'd, eternal sin-
 ner ! I, a lost, condemn'd, eternal sinner,
 will, if possible, describe their dread ap-
 pearance. 'Tis true, the lowest Hell af-
 fords not images sufficient to enable me to
 shew thee all my torments. Yet hear me,
 thou accurs'd ! If thou feelest not all that
 I feel, what I shall tell thee will render
 thee sufficiently miserable. With me shalt
 thou feel them, or, stiffen'd with horror,
 shalt dread their approach. So low am I
 abas'd by my misery, that I no longer re-
 joice at thy torment. So deep is my
 abasement, that with furious indignation I
 dare to confess it.—Yes, he is omnipotent !
 —But what—what am I ?—The blackest
 monster of the abyss ! The lowest—the
 lowest I lie, and all Hell is upon me ! With
 all its torments am I oppress'd !—To all
 the terrors of the fiery gulph, my boasted
 empire, am I abandon'd !—Has he held
 those, whom he has doom'd to eternal
 horror, worthy of being cast down by his
 thunder ? No, an angel bid us fly—our

boasted courage sunk, and we like cowards fled!—But in whose name did his messenger utter that command?—Oh, what do I feel! With what new judgment am I threaten'd! The great name I dare not utter! He in whose name we fled—he whom we persecuted, now perhaps dies! A new, a more fiery dart of destruction flies with this thought through all my immortal powers. Darkness on darkness surrounds me. The obscure mystery affords not the least glimmering ray—Ah! this is misery—all, all around me is misery!—I, his eternal sacrifice! Even the hope, the wretched, the agonizing hope of annihilation vanishes. Ye worlds, and thou Heaven, turn ye to chaos—to night—to Hell!—Fall ye upon me, and hide me from the wrath of the OMNIPOTENT.

ADRAMELECH, whose pride was humbled low, could, scarce, with sobbing anguish and despairing look, reply, Help me, I implore thee, help me, cry'd he, bellowing loud, while on SATAN he laid his iron hands. Help me—thou monster, thou accurs'd, thou odious rebel, help me.

I suffer the pangs of ever-dying death.
 Once I could hate thee with furious hatred,
 but now I can no more!—This too is
 pointed misery! Oh, how am I tortur'd!
 I would curse thee, but I cannot. I would
 curse myself for imploring help of thee.
 Could I, with flaming rage vent my curses
 on thee, it would perhaps afford me a drop
 of comfort.—I will—I will. Here fainting
 with the effort, he backward fell.

Thus both experienc'd the vengeance
 sent forth from the mighty VICTOR. So
 far Terror stretch'd her crushing arm, that
 other infernal rebels felt her power, and
 the lowest Hell resounded with the howl-
 ings of despair.

But O muse of Sion! no farther unveil
 the depths of Hell, the dreary abodes of
 pain and horror. Another and a nobler
 scene opens before thee; a scene of sacred
 melancholy, of holy adoration, and of
 grace divine.

JESUS now turning his eyes from the
 Dead Sea, view'd the celestial bands that
 dissolv'd in pious grief, and rapt in sacred
 wonder, surrounded the cross. The soft

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sensations of eternal love appear'd in the looks of the divine SAVIOUR; and long did they dwell on those souls who never yet enter'd a mortal frame, or sanctify'd the dust. Now approach'd one of those happy periods in which the earth has been bless'd with many noble minds, endu'd with such lasting power, as to spread their influence through future ages. 'Tis true, the fame of virtuous deeds doth not always float along the stream of time: yet the great effects of fair examples are seen in those of docile mind, conquering disgust and error; and, with a progress secret, but sure, are found to flow into the deeds of posterity. Thus, though the stone thrown into the water sinks, on the surface wider and still wider circles, quivering spread around. Now one of the most exalted of those unembodiy'd spirits perceiving a glimpse of the light, which, during her stay on earth, was to beam pure sanctification and radiant truth, thus indulg'd her thoughts:

Still more and more do I feel, that he is the great MESSIAH. Innumerable and

powerful as the suns that gild the starry fields of light whence we came, but with influence much more benign, are the thoughts I read in his countenance. — But how different is his appearance from that of our friends the angels? — Ah, he resembles the men by whom he is surrounded! but in his form alone he resembles them. In their faces is something gloomy, and averse to their CREATOR. Ah! what is man? We must also be of their number; like them we must be cloath'd in mortal bodies; like them shall live awhile, and then return to the ETERNAL. Will the CREATOR send us to another race of human beings? or, are these the children of ADAM? If they are, then are they our future brethren. Yet this does not seem to be the earth which I, at ADAM's creation, saw; for that excell'd in beauty. — O thou FATHER of angels and of men, be thy decrees accomplish'd! Thy divine will be done! and thine, O thou MESSIAH! Of all that is difficult to conceive, this is most inconceivable, that thou, once array'd in thy FATHER's glory, sufferest

—There thou, rais'd above the hill, art
suspended ; there thy passing life seems to
flow away ; and ye angels who once re-
solv'd my questions, are now silent. Yet
within myself I feel that this departing life,
to which, O thou divine ! hast conde-
scended to submit, is of importance to me
—to me, perhaps, of more importance,
than to the flaming seraph.—I love the
suffering MESSIAH more than I can tell.
O my GOD, accomplish what thou hast
begun in thy creature, complete my in-
flam'd, my continual, my devout breath-
ings after felicity ! Thou alone, O thou
INFINITE SOURCE of perfection, art my
felicity ! In thy presence is eternal joy !

Thus meditated the transported spirit,
and not fruitless were its meditations.
GOD, who oft in distant periods prepares
what he is determin'd to accomplish, thus
forms the soul for a life of probation, and
for the succeeding joys of eternal, ineffable
felicity.

Let Time now fly with joyful wings.
Around the cross stood waiting with de-
vout fervor, the future guardians of the

souls who drew near to a mortal life. Trembling with solicitous joy, the attendant angels stood, while from the REDEEMER'S eye issu'd the great command, Go and live; believe and overcome. Their angels then smiling, receiv'd their charge, and led them forth.

Relate, O Sion's muse ! their life. Relate their peculiar gifts, and graces, while dwelling in tabernacles of clay, they pass'd their mortal pilgrimage, in sacred love and pious ardour ; imitating the bright example of their SAVIOUR. The effects of the new sensations they had experienc'd on beholding the dying MESSIAH, took root in all, and at length unfolding with their increasing perceptions, became mingled with the resplendent grace that flows from above.

One of the fairest of these souls was thine, O TIMOTHY ! With ardent and with humble zeal didst thou watch over the church committed to thy care. Undaunted didst thou venture to preach a dying, a risen JESUS. It was PAUL, the chosen champion of the MEDIATOR,

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against the mighty of the earth, who oppos'd the doctrine of CHRIST, the conqueror of death.—It was PAUL who brought to him the knowledge of the LORD, out of that awful, that dazzling light which beam'd conviction. The pure soul of TIMOTHY learnt, with tremulous joy, the way to eternal felicity, and taught it to thousands. Thousands too were converted by his death; when having nobly finish'd his course, he fell by the executioner's sword. Like PAUL and CEPHAS, he, as a bright and resplendent luminary, shone in the church.

Thou, ANTIPAS, didst early receive the glorious rewards prepar'd for the faithful. Then the JUDGE of the earth, in his sentence on the church of Patmos, mention'd thine immortal name. With inflexible fidelity, with pure, with warm affection thou didst love thy crucify'd LORD, love him till death.

HERMAS, with tears of joy, sang the MEDIATOR.—Sang him who dy'd, who rose again, who ascended on high, and led captivity captive.—Sang the SON of GOD,

the SAVIOUR of frail and mortal man.—
 The SON of GOD, who shall raise the
 dead—shall judge the world. His hymns
 were sung by Christians retir'd to solitary
 caves, when HERMAS receiving an intima-
 tion of the will of the MOST HIGH, left
 the choir of his rejoicing brethren, joy-
 fully suffer'd death, and went to join the
 more exalted choir above.

PEHBE, desirous of doing good, and
 and winning souls, left the narrow limits
 that confine her sex, and generously devo-
 ted herself to the service of the church.
 She kindly strove to remove the distresses
 of the indigent; to help the sick; to
 comfort the dying. Heaven born Charity,
 her dear companion, was always with her;
 but she fled from Applause, and was
 known only to the pious, and to the
 angels.

From every fluctuating doubt of false
 wisdom, HERODION at length was freed,
 and was convinc'd, that he who was
 not more exalted by miracles than by
 truth, had made known the ETERNAL
 FATHER'S will: dispers'd the shades of

death, and mark'd the path that leads to Heaven. Through what intricate mazes of thorny speculation did he wander, before he reach'd the light which God, at length, pour'd around him ! In what painful, what fruitless researches did he engage, before he found the lightness of the scale of human knowledge, and the preponderating weight of that of heavenly wisdom !

EPAPHRAS was powerful in prayer. Like PAUL, he was esteem'd worthy to suffer for the sake of the crucify'd JESUS, and was thrown into the prison of a tyrant. The prison heard his prayers for the churches, and the blessings deriv'd from his supplications chiefly stream'd down on his belov'd Colossians. With them he watch'd and strove with unwearied diligence. His zeal and fervor were bless'd with success. They flourish'd and spread their branches, they blossom'd and brought forth the fruits of sanctification, righteousness and peace. Laodicea too, partook of the benefits of his instructions, and by his exhortations and prayers many souls were

inflam'd with love to the crucify'd SAVIOUR. But at last Laodicea sunk into a cool indifference. The belov'd disciple of JESUS then sent from Patmos the sentence of the JUDGE, which was mingled with mercy and with grace. On her repentance he promis'd that she should still be cloath'd in white garments, and still receive the victor's crown.

PERSIS was one of those favourites of Heaven whom GOD, through tribulation, leads to eternal rest. Resign'd amidst her sufferings, she mingled her tears of affliction with those of gratitude and joy, when in silent prayer she pour'd out her soul to her MAKER and FRIEND.

Not from a love of fame, the partial, the lukewarm rewarder of Virtue, often her cruel persecuter, and malevolent slanderer, was APELLES actuated; nor from a fondness for the esteem of the wise, who, however sagacious, know not the secret springs of action; for the act alone is visible to the bodily eye, the intention only to the mind of the agent. Thus within himself he often thought, while his love of

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the OMNISCIENT, whose piercing view penetrates the secret purposes of the soul, with the exalted rewards promis'd to the pure in heart, were the animating motives that excited him to practise the most exalted virtues.

The merit of FLAVIUS CLEMENS arose not from his divesting himself of the lustre deriv'd from his affinity to CÆSAR. It was easy to despise the tyrant: but the courtiers accus'd him of being immers'd in indolence unbecoming a Roman; of being dead to business, honour, and his country. His noble soul, though far from being insensible to the sting of these reproaches, still persever'd in a steady adherence to the duties of christianity, duties which he esteem'd the most exalted and sublime. Thus he became worthy of the martyr's crown. Fain would he have perform'd nearer the throne those actions which instructed and animated the saints; but knowing that his generous labours for the good of mankind, would there be lost on servile flatterers, and their luxurious lord, he confin'd himself within a more

contracted sphere, and enjoy'd the opportunity of doing good, of meditating on his death, and improving his immortal soul.

LUCIUS, though wrapp'd in the entangling net of business, with a mind free and undisturb'd, discharg'd his duty with unwearied zeal; neither proud of his merit, nor discourag'd when the seed he sow'd seem'd not to shoot. Sedulous in redeeming time, he knew how to banish the world; to spare some sacred hours for prayer and meditation; some happy hours for the gentle offices of meek-ey'd Mercy and of smiling Charity; and through this pleasing course he enter'd into life eternal.

Ye females emulate the virtues of TRYPHENA. Ye also live among unbelievers. With the purest, the noblest, the most virtuous passion, the tender TRYPHENA lov'd. The youth was beautiful, and adorn'd with every amiable quality; but he was an heathen, and resolv'd to remain so. TRYPHENA apprehended danger from his easy-flowing eloquence, and still more from the soft passion that swell'd her heart. She therefore struggled

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and triumph'd over it. Serenity and joy were then the rewards of her pious resolution, not to hazard a soul destin'd for immortality.

LINUS, who before his martyrdom, bravely disdain'd to accept of proffer'd life, purchas'd by apostacy, was superior to the mean enjoyments which ensnare even the good, and which with pain they strive to shun. He, retiring alone with the SEARCHER OF HEARTS, or joining in company with friends of pure and noble sentiments, lov'd to compare men and their actions with the examples and precepts of the word of GOD, the source of sublime thoughts and heavenly sentiments. He lov'd to disperse the gloom that hovers o'er the grave, and to lose himself in the bright extatic prospect of a resurrection to eternal glory.

From TRAJAN, who here stain'd his noble mind, was led IGNATIUS, sentenc'd to be dragg'd to a cruel death. He triumph'd in bearing ignominy for his beloved LORD. No meaner reproach could be brought against this great, this exalted

faint, than his too earnestly striving for the honours which encircle the martyr's brow. The eagerness of the sons of Vice and Folly in pursuit of pleasure, could only exceed the excessive ardour with which he long'd to obtain the radiant crown; if there can be excess in aspiring after such a prize. His setting glories shone with the same mild influence, as that with which they rose. How valuable is the conclusion of the life of a Christian! How beautiful to his companions in the victory, appears the sweat of the conqueror, when he has obtain'd his prize, and the great reward is ready! He strengthen'd, he animated with the prospect of eternal felicity, the brethren who flock'd once more to see him, and to receive his last blessing. Those whom his eyes, swimming in the kindly drops of joy could not behold, by his letters he exhorted, comforted, and inflam'd with love to the divine REDEEMER, till being cruelly dragg'd to the amphitheatre, he was there, by wild beasts, torn in pieces.

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The parents of the young and amiable CLAUDIA were heathens ; heathens were her brothers and sisters. Her father was a man of honour ; affectionate was her mother ; her brothers and sisters were worthy of esteem. CLAUDIA lov'd them, and shar'd their love. Yet she alone became a Christian. She then lamented their error, and boldly persevering, in spite of opposition, dy'd in the faith of her LORD.

He who flies from society, is not always an enemy to mankind. Far from the busy world liv'd AMPLIAS, who, to a deep knowledge of human frailty, united an ardent and steady desire to fulfil the great, the astonishing command, Be ye perfect, even as your heavenly FATHER is perfect. From the radiant seats of Heaven stream'd this injunction, like a divine light, on the inhabitants of the dust. He look'd, he never turn'd from the narrow gate through which it beam'd ; but with vigorous perseverance, falling and rising, climb'd the rugged steep.

PHLEGON had travell'd over the bright circle of Grecian literature, and great

were his earthly possessions; yet that did not inflate him with vanity, nor these sink him into voluptuousness. Wherever he went, silent flow'd the balm of humanity; the sick receiv'd comfort; the naked were cloath'd. Gifts more essential he also bestow'd: these were salutary counsels to the diseases of the mind, diseases worse than those of the body. He dispens'd healing comfort to the soul entangled in the web of doubts, and many wavering Christians, who were ready to forsake the bleeding FRIEND of the human race, he brought back into the path to Heaven. Less from prudence than from real humility, he seem'd a stranger to worldly wisdom, and to know nothing but JESUS—JESUS the REDEEMER from sin, the surest support in life and in death! but to his brethren, perplex'd with doubts and scruples, his profound knowledge flow'd like an inexhaustible spring, and the thirsty traveller was refresh'd with copious draughts.

TRYPHOSA, kind by nature, and still more kind from duty, was the best of mothers. Her numerous offspring she care-

fully instructed in the knowledge of CHRIST. Inexhaustible, and unweary'd in the arts of wisdom, she finish'd the work she was appointed to perform; and and was an ornament to the church: yet her many good actions were conceal'd. But scarce had she brought forth her last son, when she expir'd weeping. She bewail'd him, and dy'd. Then the blessing of the ETERNAL descended on her family. Her elder sons educated the infant; who, at length, dy'd a martyr. The seraphs receiv'd, from the arms of Death, the happy spirit. They ascended in triumph; and, with extatic joy, she welcom'd her son on his arrival at the regions of unutterable felicity.

To forbear revenge, when revenge is justice, is great: to love the offender, is noble: to alleviate his distresses by private offices of kindness, is divine. Thus didst thou—with reverence I write thy name—thus didst thou, ERASTUS! When thine exalted soul enter'd the celestial abodes, angels, rising from their golden seats, congratulated thee, and hail'd thine arrival with songs of triumph.

These were the souls which their guardian angels led from the cross of the dying JESUS, into a life of probation. With expanded wings they descended from mount Olivet, and came to Gethsemane. At the garden where the SON of the ETERNAL suffer'd his agony, they were seiz'd with awe. Those who stood under the palms saluted them with cordial love: These were SIMEON, and the great prophet, who had the honour to baptize the divine JESUS, and to see the HOLY SPIRIT hovering over him like a dove, while the voice of the MOST HIGH, descending from Heaven, pronounc'd; This is my beloved SON, in whom I am well pleas'd. Here were also ESAIAH, the great prophet of the crucify'd JESUS, and EZEKIEL who beheld a type of the resurrection; when crying, Hear, ye dry bones; the bones shook, and the dead awoke. Here too were NOAH, who found grace in the eyes of the LORD; righteous LOT; MELCHISEDEK, a prophet, priest and king; JOSEPH, and BENJAMIN his brother; DAVID and JONATHAN; fair MI-

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RIAM, the sister of MOSES, and thou,
DEBORAH, who sang the mercies of
GOD, the saviour of thee, and of the
host of ISRAEL.

SIMEON now cry'd, Blessed souls! go
and enter your frail habitations of clay,
the LORD be with you. May ye bring
many to salvation! May ye diffuse bene-
volence and love through all the descen-
dants of ADAM: benevolence purer and
more sublime than the philosophers ever
taught. Ah, JOHN, how happy is their
fate! How exalted will be their reward!
Does not this sight brighten the gloomy
ideas, that stream from the hill of Golgotha?

The harbinger of the LORD return'd,
Had I words to express my thoughts, could
floods of mournful or joyous tears reveal
what I feel, then, O SIMEON, would I
tell what I have felt, since the gracious
MESSIAH has been dying on the cross.
But silence best becomes me.

Thy words, return'd SIMEON, pierce
through my soul. I was exulting in the
end of his sufferings, and the glories that
await him, on the right hand of the MA-

JESTY ON HIGH. But how hast thou brought me back ! Ah ! he whom, weeping, I embrac'd—he whom, speechless, I held in my arms, till God restoring my voice, I burst into prayers and thanksgivings—he—he bleeds—he bleeds on the cross—with malefactors bleeds !—While his heart still glows with love to man—with love to his murderers—he bleeds—he dies !—But I will hold my peace till all be accomplish'd.

Then DEBORAH and MIRIAM, after a long and mournful silence, burst into lugubrious lays, flowing with melting softness. For the voices of the immortals rise in spontaneous harmony to express sensations like those of DEBORAH and MIRIAM. Hence she who, on Ephraim's mount, gave her name to the spreading palm, and AMRAM's daughter, thus in alternate verses sang.

O thou, once the most beautiful among men, thou, who was the fairest of the sons of women, how does Death, with bloody hand, deform thy face !

My heart is plung'd in softest sorrow,
and clouds of grief surround me; yet still
to me he appears the most beautiful of
men: of all the creation the most lovely:
fairer than the sons of light, when, in lu-
cid splendor, they bow before the ETER-
NAL.

Mourn ye Cedars of Lebanon, which,
to the weary, afford a refreshing shade:
the sighing Cedar is cut down: of the
Cedar is form'd his cross.

Mourn ye flowers of the vale, which
grow on the banks of the silver stream;
ye must not encircle the SAVIOUR'S head:
it is already crown'd with piercing thorns.

Unweary'd he lift up his hands to his
FATHER in behalf of sinners. His feet,
unweary'd, visited the dwellings of af-
fliction. Now are they pierc'd. His hands
and feet are pierc'd with cruel wounds.

His divine brow, on this mount, he
bow'd to the dust: from it ran, mingled,
blood and sweat. Alas! how is it now
wounded by cruel thorns!—by his bloody
crown!

The soul of his mother is wounded as with a sword. Ah, thou SON most gracious and divine ! have compassion on thy mother, and comfort her, left, at the foot of thy cross, she die !

Ah, were I his mother, and already in the life of bliss, a sword would still pierce through my soul !

O MIRIAM ! his compassion-beaming eyes are almost extinguish'd, and hard he draws his breath, which still breathes nought but love. Soon will those looks no longer be directed towards the Heavens.

O DEBORAH ! a mortal paleness sits on his fallen cheeks, wet with the trickling drops of love. Soon will his divine head sink, on that cross, to rise no more.

Thou, who shinest above, O celestial Jerusalem ! burst into tears of joy. Soon will the hour of affliction be past.

Thou, who sinnest below, O terrestrial Jerusalem ! burst into tears of grief ; for soon, at thy barbarous hands, will the SOVEREIGN JUDGE require his blood.

The stars in their courses stand still, and all the Creation is struck dumb, at the sufferings of her CREATOR!—At the sufferings of JESUS! the everlasting HIGH PRIEST! the REDEEMER! the PRINCE OF PEACE!

The earth also stands still, and from you who dwell on its surface, the sun has withdrawn his light. For this is JESUS! the everlasting HIGH PRIEST, the REDEEMER, the PRINCE OF PEACE.

Thus responsive sang DEBORAH and MIRIAM. The blessed SAVIOUR now visibly approaching the moment of death, most of the faithful withdrew, unable to bear the awful sight. With fix'd eye and unsteady step, LEBBEUS retir'd, follow'd at a distance by LAZARUS, who was involv'd in more compos'd distress. LEBBEUS entering a ruinous sepulchre near the foot of the mount of Olives, and leaning on a piece of the fallen rock, sunk down upon his knees, and rested his head on the craggy stone. When LAZARUS stopping at the entrance, with gentle voice, that would attract the ear of Jan-

guishing sorrow, and make her stoop to listen, thus spake:

Sink not, my friend, beneath thy grief. Lift up thy face from the damp, the silent tomb, and let me see thee look at me. Ah, dost thou no longer know the voice of him whom thou hast always lov'd?—of him who has return'd thy love?—I am LAZARUS, whose death cost thee so many tears, whom JESUS restor'd to life. Oh with what a transport of joy, that seem'd too big for utterance, didst thou then, with faltering voice, thank our divine MASTER! Before we return'd him our grateful thanks, this body lay in the grave, and corruption began to seize upon it. Of this we have oft discours'd. Thou wast carry'd away by the opinion of the other disciples, who thought that his kingdom was to be on earth, ere it began in Heaven; yet never couldst thou solve the doubts that kept me from labouring to find some earthly meaning, in the sublime discourses of our LORD. Shake off then, O my friend! this depressing grief. Open to me thine afflicted heart. Thou shalt

lament him—thou shalt lament the divine SAVIOUR, who lingering in acutest pain, has during successive hours been dying on the cross. Yet sink not under thy grief. He can, if he pleases, descend from the fatal tree. But though he die, he will never see corruption. Can he who was before ABRAHAM, who descended from Heaven to raise mankind to the mansions of bliss—can he be subject to corruption?

LEBBEUS still lean'd on the rock, yet turning his face towards LAZARUS, with fix'd eyes look'd up to his friend, who running to him, embrac'd him, brought him out of the sepulchre, and seizing his hand, cry'd, Raise thine eyes, O LEBBEUS, and behold. I perceive the presence of GOD in this scene of gloomy horror. A day like this was surely never seen. With what solemnity is it distinguish'd by the ALMIGHTY! How has he cloath'd the heavens and earth with his terrors! May not GOD by the death of the HOLY ONE OF ISRAEL be accomplishing those things we did not understand? Since the divine SAVIOUR has been

bleeding, I have felt—(how shall I express my thoughts in just and worthy terms?)—I have felt sensations soothing and peaceful, that have soften'd my affliction. Every thing around me appears sacred. Wherever I turn, I find the traces of the ETERNAL, the marks of his omnipresence. This sacred tranquillity is fill'd with divine sensations. Since the gracious Sufferer has been bleeding on the cross, I have heard a soft breezy fluttering, as if bands of the immortals were hovering near me. The same I heard when my soul had quitted its frail habitation. Celestial beings also frequently glance before my eyes with rapid flight. This, my dear friend, diffuses through my soul a divine calm, the peace of God, and dawning felicity.

Here LAZARUS paus'd, when LEBBEUS, fixing his looks upon him, suddenly call'd out, Thou art struck with amazement!—Ah, who is it? On whom dost thou gaze with such joyful transport?

LAZARUS, on recovering his speech, answer'd, Just now a celestial spirit shot over me.—Never before have I had such

a view of the glory of an immortal!—of the bliss of the other world! He has perhaps brought from Heaven some divine messenger: for his flight was swift as the quickest thought. Having thus with faltering rapture spoke, he embrac'd LEBBEUS, and then added, He will not—No, he at whose birth the host of Heaven rejoic'd, will not see corruption!

LAZARUS beheld the splendor of URIEL. The immortal had flown from the sun, and with face glowing from his inconceivable speed, went up to the progenitors of the human race, and said, I must—I must inform you of what I have seen. The chief angel of death descends from Heaven, with course direct towards the earth. Sometimes he stops, as if to breathe; but the whole création being at rest, no revolving star raises a refreshing gale. Shall I describe his awful form, his habilliments of terror? The flames of the LORD blaze before him; the flutter of his wings has the sound of the roaring storm, and ethereal silence flies at his approach. Was his flaming sword to touch a world, the en-

kindled dust would instantly be dispers'd through the immensity of space. Dreadful is his look—more dreadful than when on the guilty earth he pour'd the overwhelming deluge, and as the minister of the general destruction, empty'd the oceans of the celestial waters. Soon shall ye see him, and at the sight terror shall come upon you, as it did upon me. Deep inexpressible sorrow is impress'd on his awful countenance. Ah he is sent to make known the death of the MEDIATOR between GOD and man, and to denounce the judgments of the ALMIGHTY on yon guilty city! URIEL then trembling, turn'd aside, and mingled with the angels.

Amazement mute and motionless seiz'd the souls of the patriarchs, and this was follow'd by a dejection too deep for words to express. Struck with the thought that CHRIST, the SON of GOD, was in a few moments to expire, the souls for whom he was to die, tho' redeem'd from sin, seem'd to sink back into their former earthly life, and to feel sensations of guilt, which remembrance cloath'd in all its dread array.

ENOCH lean'd with his left hand on a tomb, and rais'd his right towards Heaven. Though he had walk'd with God; though he had not fallen by the hand of Death, nor had ever moulder'd in the grave; yet in the eye of infinite Wisdom, and spotless Purity, he was not free from sin; but by his faith and repentance he pleas'd God, and was translated. Had the earth been dissolv'd, and the great lamp of heaven extinguish'd, still would he have remain'd undismay'd: but at the near approach of the SAVIOUR'S death, grief stream'd thro' his inmost powers; and the angels, the patriarchs, the unborn souls, and every mortal, vanish'd from his sight. Scarce could his eye discern the bloody cross.

Near him ABEL lay on a rock in silent prostration. This son of ADAM was adorn'd with the sweetest innocence that mortal knows, with fervent piety, and gentle love, yet dy'd by a murderous brother's hand. His eyes were now alternately lift up to Heaven, and cast on the cross, while he lamented that the SAVIOUR

of the world, the SON OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, should suffer a more cruel death than he.

SETH, the worthy brother of the first dead, and an early preacher of righteousness, had often, through the many centuries of his long life, meditated on the promis'd SEED, who should bruise the serpent's head ; but had been able to form no idea of the dreadful sufferings of the mighty VICTOR. Now, with trembling heart, and stammering tongue, he cry'd, O thou JUDGE of all !—thou JUDGE of whatever was, and is, and is to come !—Then pausing, cast his looks to Heaven, to the cross, to the redeem'd, and to the sepulchres of the dead.

Long had darkness cover'd the eyes of DAVID : Long had he trembled : yet, since the coming of URIEL, he ceas'd to tremble, and stood looking up to him, who drew near to the grave, absorb'd in that idea of the death of JESUS, which God had graciously impress'd on his soul. At length, recovering his speech, these broken sentences flow'd from his lips : O

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GOD ! my SAVIOUR'S GOD ! Why hast thou forsaken him ? He pours forth his sighs before thee : but thou delayest to help him. The basest of sinners have laugh'd him to scorn—have derided his confidence in thee. He is pour'd out like water : his heart is melted within him : his tongue cleaveth to the roof of his mouth ; and soon wilt thou, O Death ! lay him in the dust. Wild beasts, and not men, encompass him. They stand and look upon him whom they have pierc'd—Ah, how have they pierc'd his hands and his feet ! They have stretch'd him on the cross, and all his bones may be number'd ! O GOD most merciful and gracious, how unsearchable are all thy ways ! Soon will he leave his mortal frame—soon will he ascend on high, triumph over the grave, and lead Captivity captive. Then may his death be declar'd to the ends of the earth, that all the generations of men may bow before him !

JOB, made perfect by sufferings, the trials of his faith and virtue, had been encompass'd by the terrors of the OMNIPOTENT

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TENT : but, unable longer to think of the crucify'd SAVIOUR's death, he soar'd from the depths of affliction, crying, He will live !—he will live, and shall stand, at the latter day, upon the earth : The conqueror of Death and of Hell. Then shall my eyes see him.—They shall see thee in thy glory, my LORD ! my REDEEMER ! my SAVIOUR.

Thus were the faithful affected by the expectation of the angel of Death. But the near approach of the awful moment, when the divine MESSIAH was to leave his earthly habitation, fill'd with still stronger sensations the first parents of the human race : who, when URIEL descended, were standing close to each other, with their eyes fasten'd on the SAVIOUR, feeling through all their vital powers, some resemblance of the terror inspir'd by the angel who drove them out of Paradise. Thus, at the last day, the bless'd, struck by the trumpet's powerful clangor, the trembling earth teeming with resurrection, and their own sensations of returning life, will be lost in wonder and

astonishment ; but at length, friends enraptur'd, will know their friends, and brothers their brothers, whom, while absorb'd in amazement, they had not seen. So EVE, at length, took by the hand the father of men, and, with words scarce rising to sound, cry'd, Say, O ADAM ! What shall we do ? Shall we seek some deep, some humble abyss ; and there prostrate ourselves, imploring the ALMIGHTY to alleviate the pains of his death ?

ADAM, with a look of love, reply'd,
O mother of the human race ! much too mean are we to intercede for him with his ALMIGHTY FATHER. Were JOB, NOAH, DANIEL, and even ELOA, the most exalted of the celestial spirits, with ardent fervour to join with us, vain would be our supplications. The dispensations of GOD are all conducted by unerring wisdom—by infinite goodness. He does not see fit to interpose, and therefore, no comfort—no consolation will the SAVIOUR receive amidst his anguish. Such are the decrees of the ALMIGHTY, whose ways are

inscrutable. Ah! I am fill'd with a new idea, which perhaps flows from God, follow me, and do what thou seest me perform.

Now with mournful flight they descended from the mount of Olives to the hill of death, and stopp'd at the sepulchre, where the gracious SAVIOUR, like his brethren of the dust, was to sleep. Before the entrance of this house of death was roll'd a large and ponderous block of stone, on one side of which stood the father, and on the other the mother of the human race. The idea of the near sepulchre of the crucify'd JESUS, piercing her soul, like an arrow from the quiver of the ALMIGHTY, she sunk on the stone. ADAM raising his hands, thrice utter'd, in silence, the name of the REDEEMER; while, with an attentive look of mingled love and grief, he view'd his face, now more pale than that of death. Soon overcome with the sight, he sunk in the dust, and placing his sorrowful brow on his folded hands, fix'd his eyes on the ground, from which God had

form'd his mortal frame, and in loud
prayers rais'd his suppliant voice, while
the angels, and the exalted souls of his
happy descendants heard his impassion'd
orisons.

LORD GOD, merciful and gracious,
faithful and long-suffering; who forgive'st
iniquity, transgression and sin, hear the
servent prayer we send up to thee from
the gloomy sepulchre of thy beloved Son,
who dies for our offences—who dies that
man may triumph over death. Thou
wilt hear us; for long have we been per-
mitted, with rapturous joy, to see thy
face, and to rejoice in thy mercy! And,
O thou long-promis'd, thou dying SA-
VIOUR! whom we too have beheld in
thine effulgent glory, ere thou condescend-
edst to put on that garment of flesh, and
and here on earth to live—to die for man.
On this solemn day, in which thou resto-
rest to the vision of the FATHER, all
who resist not thy gracious purpose; re-
concilest man to the obedience of the truth,
and deliverest him from the punishment of

sin—from that king of terrors, eternal Death, may I with humble sorrow recollect my sins? May the first of men, O my dying SAVIOUR! while thou humblest thyself to the death of the cross, be allow'd to contemplate his forgiven offence!

Here sacred melancholy and devout transport suppress'd his utterance. EVE silent, with expressive countenance, had accompany'd his prayer, and now added with audible voice: O thou who art devoted to death! on this day of blood—on this day, when, O my belov'd REDEEMER! thy mortal frame is to lie down in the grave, let EVE, the first of women, also mention her crime, with such grace forgiven, and acknowledge it with tears of grateful love! Here she ceas'd, and ADAM thus resum'd:

'Twas we began the fatal trespass; we proceeded: we completed the dire offence. O deed of horror! flight was the prohibition—how easy to perform! We receiv'd it from GOD, the First, the Best of Beings!

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our CREATOR ! who from the dust rais'd
 our human frame, and gave us souls to
 know, and tongues to praise his goodness :
 who, while we were blest'd with inno-
 cence, fill'd our minds with inborn joy ;
 and sweet sensations : who rewarded our
 ardent prayers with pleasing rapture ;
 every new resolution not to taste of the
 fair forbidden fruit, every act of obedience
 before our wretched fall, with sublimest
 delight : who continually reminded us of
 his presence and sovereign wisdom, by
 ten thousand living creatures, whose ad-
 mirable texture incessantly rewarded spe-
 culation with new discoveries, and in-
 creasing wonder : who gave to me, the
 mother of mankind, and me to her :
 whose apparent glory bestow'd on us,
 rais'd us nearer to him, than all the sur-
 rounding creation. — Yet presumptuous
 and ungrateful, we vainly strove, O thou
 SOURCE of BEING ! to seize thy power,
 thy glory, and to become like thee divine.
 — But, gracious FATHER, thou hast for-
 given us. Thee let us forever adore with

warmest gratitude and awful love. And
 O thou divine SAVIOUR of men, the
 EFFLUENCE of thy FATHER's splendor!
 may these sufferings be repaid with glory,
 and honour, and affectionate obedience!
 May all the wide creation hail thy good-
 ness, and all mankind proclaim thy grace!

Thus ADAM gave vent to the strong
 sensations of his mind, and with him our
 general mother: he with loud voice, and
 she in silent thought. Then the counte-
 nance of the dying REDEEMER beam'd
 on them divine mercy, heavenly tranquil-
 lity, and that peace of GOD which passeth
 knowledge. Enraptur'd, they felt these
 effusions of the MEDIATOR's love, and
 the first of men fill'd with extatic ardor,
 stretching his arms towards the cross, thus
 cry'd:

O my SAVIOUR, and the SAVIOUR of
 mankind, my children! thy love exceeds
 all thought; nor can words express my
 thanks; for "eternity itself is too short
 "to utter all thy praise." Here will I
 stay till thou bow'st thy head in death.

But amidst the pain thou sufferest for sinners hear my supplications for my offspring — for all who shall hereafter dwell on earth. In the imperfect dawn of infant thought may they feel thy love and lift thy praise! O guide their blooming years; cherish the tender plants that they may early bring forth fruit! Irradiate those with transcendent virtue, and truth divine who, in riper age, are to enlighten the earth, and teach the ways of God to man! May the traveller never slumber in the cooling shade, or on the brink of the refreshing stream, while he loses sight of the radiant crown which God holds out from afar; and captivated by grovelling present joys, forgets the glorious future recompence! And may all who cease to attend to the soft voice of love and grace, be call'd by affliction from the error of their ways.

O my children! my children! how inexpressible is the condescension and grace of him who dies on the cross for you! May your stony hearts be touch'd by his

all-conquering love! With contrite souls
 may ye hear the voice of the blood which
 now flows from Calvary in streams of
 mercy and of grace!—

But what bliss pours in upon me! what
 joy pervades my inmost powers! while I
 contemplate the glories that await the
 righteous dead! From them the beatific vi-
 sion is before death conceal'd—They now
 enjoy it all—are ravisht with ineffable
 delight, and with triumphant joy behold
 their LORD—their SAVIOUR! Oh when
 thou, after the final judgment, shalt free
 the earth from the curse brought upon it
 by my sin, and shalt create it anew bloom-
 ing like Eden, then, innumerable as the
 sands of the sea, as the drops of the
 morning dew glittering in the fields, and
 as the stars that shine in the firmament,
 be the multitude of those who enter into
 thy glory.

ELOA now call'd with a voice that
 shook the solid base of Moria, and made
 the courts of the temple tremble, crying,
 He comes. He comes. The messenger

of God then descended on Sinai. Solitary he stood, while to him the heavens and the earth seem'd to dissolve and pass away. The ETERNAL, who upholds all things by the word of his power, then preserv'd him from sinking, and from him terror withdrew her iron gripe: yet was he fill'd with amazement and dejection. His right hand sunk, while he, trembling, held his flaming sword, no longer shining in pale splendor; but glowing with fiery blaze, like the red lightning sent by the ALMIGHTY as the messenger of destruction. Seiz'd with reverence, and awful love at a gracious look from the divine REDEEMER, he approach'd nearer, and, alighting on mount Calvary, sunk prostrate. His voice of thunder now melted into softest accents, yet was heard by the angelic circle, while he thus address'd the dying MESSIAH. I, a finite being, am sent by the SOVEREIGN JUDGE, to fulfil his great command. O thou, the radiant Image of his grace! thou SAVIOUR of men, who now dyest that man may live for ever! strengthen

me, a spirit of yesterday, united to a body form'd of a midnight cloud and liquid flame. Awe and terror compass me around; yet must I execute the behests of thine Almighty FATHER.

He then return'd to Sinai's lofty summit; where JEHOVAH again array'd him in all his terrors. Dreadful he stood, pointing his sword down towards Golgotha. Behind him rose a storm, the vehicle of the immortals voice, which shook the palm groves, shook Jordan and Genazareth. Now the smoking blood of the evening sacrifice stream'd on the altar, and the immortal cry'd, Thou, O holy SAVIOUR of men, who condemn'd by that cruel city, hast freely consented to suffer death for sinners, thine enemies, the work of mercy and of love is completed. The cry of thy blood is ascended to the ALMIGHTY, proclaiming grace to man; and in a few moments thou wilt become the prey of Death, from whom thou shalt rise victorious; but the once favour'd city of the LORD, which has spilt thy blood,

shall be devoted to misery, desolation and terror. The angel of death then rising in the clouds, brandish'd his flaming sword over Jerusalem, crying, A little while and thy palaces shall be overflow'd with blood, Famine shall walk through thy streets, and Desolation and Terror reign in all thy pleasant places.

Meanwhile the holy, the all-gracious SAVIOUR, raising his drooping eyes towards Heaven, cry'd in a loud and pathetic voice, not like that of the dying, My GOD ! my GOD ! why hast thou forsaken me ?—The celestial spirits fill'd with astonishment, instantly veil'd their faces. Now all the painful sensations of the holy, the divine JESUS, were redoubled, and with parch'd tongue he cry'd, I thirst. He thirsted, call'd and drank : then trembled, bled, and became still more pale. Then again lifting up his benevolent eyes, he said, FATHER, into thy hands I commend my spirit ! and adding, It is finish'd, bow'd his gracious head and dy'd.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

